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## ITALY.

THE Italian Parliament, which rivals the English in the length of its sessions and in the mass of private business which it despatches, has at last been released from its labours, and has been prorogued indefinitely. It is said that this prorogation is to be followed by a dissolution, for there has been a Parliamentary scandal going on lately at Turin, and the Deputies, it is thought, ought to go through the purifying process of asking re-election from their constituents. In one way, it may be said that the scandal does credit to Italy and the Italian Parliament. Some little time ago, when a concession was to be given, with a Government guarantee, for some railways in the Southern provinces, the Ministers had arranged to give the concession to Messrs. ROTHSCHILD. But it was thought by some enterprising Italian too good a thing to be allowed to go to foreigners, and M. BASTOGI headed a combination for getting hold of the prize. When the time for Parliamentary discussion came, there was a demand for inquiry into the whole matter which the Ministry found irresistible. Accordingly, a Committee was appointed to inquire and report, and the Committee reported that the Italian applicants were strong enough to carry out the undertaking, and that it would be advisable that their offer should be accepted. Parliament obeyed the advice of its Committee, and, in spite of the Ministers, gave the concession to M. BASTOGI. The affair had been almost forgotten when, a few weeks ago, it came to the knowledge of some members of the Chamber that the President of the Committee, who had drawn up the official report in favour of M. BASTOGI, had accepted a large sum of money from the persons whose pretensions he had favoured. There is a large number of Deputies who are exceedingly anxious to establish official purity in Italy, and this was far too good an opportunity to be lost. The evidence on which their case rested was of too private a kind to enable them to make a direct attack on the principal offender, and they therefore brought forward a general resolution that Deputies ought to have nothing to do with the management of railways guaranteed by the State. This was, in its terms, going much too far, for it would be equally undesirable that the leading men of business in Italy should abstain from managing railways and that they should abstain from going into Parliament. But it was generally understood that the resolution was intended as a protest against bribery, and a reproach to the official class. It was rejected, but by so small a majority that five or six Deputies who considered their honour implicated immediately resigned their seats. Those who know the Continent will be far from thinking badly of Italy because of all this. It shows a great step towards the attainment of that public morality without which free Governments soon get rotten; that so much disturbance should have been made about an official taking a bribe, more especially when it is remembered how great is the influence, and how powerful the example in Italy, of Imperial France. A few years ago, taking bribes was as much a part of the ordinary life of Italian officials as it is now of Russian or Turkish officials. But free Government has worked a gradual and most satisfactory change. Every year there has been an advancing standard of purity, and every session there has been an increasing number of Deputies who have tried to create a Parliamentary tradition against making a direct pecuniary benefit out of the position of a national representative. It is highly creditable to the Italians that this party should have won its way, and should have succeeded in inspiring a belief that the practice of giving and receiving bribes is one of those pleasant things that must be sacrificed for the honour and interest of Italy.

If the Parliament is now dissolved, it will have deserved well of its country in other ways than in this of having gradually taught itself and the public that the personal honour and independence of Deputies is a matter of national concern.

It has shown great sense and great wisdom in the support which it has given to one Ministry after another against what is called the Party of Action. Every Government has its own peculiar difficulty to contend with, and the special difficulty of the Italian Government is that it owes its existence in a measure to the revolutionary party, and that the revolutionary party thinks that it, and not the Government which it has created, ought to decide how much further the revolution shall go, and how soon Austria shall be attacked. There is a Parliamentary minority which wishes to force the majority to do its bidding by appealing to the people, and there are many enthusiastic and hotheaded persons out of Parliament who set up societies and form themselves into committees in order to set on foot a popular movement which the Ministry would feel compelled to obey. Not only the present Ministry, but its predecessors, have steadily resisted this pressure. They have appealed to Parliament over and over again to pronounce whether the King and his Ministers are or are not to govern the country; and Parliament has always supported them, and has shown the utmost moderation and patience towards them. Every one takes for granted that a war with Austria is to come. In fact, the Ministers make no disguise whatever about it, and use language which would be instantly seized as a just pretext for war by Austria if she was prepared to begin the contest. But the Ministry claims that the time and manner of making war should be left to the King and his responsible advisers. It is necessary that they should make the best preparations for war in their power; and here even their worst adversaries cannot say that they have been negligent or indolent, for the regular army of Italy now numbers three hundred and fifty thousand men, and it is supported by a militia—or, as it is called there, a mobilized national guard—of one million and a quarter of men armed and trained, and capable of doing excellent service after a few months of real war. But it is also necessary that Italy should not stand alone. She must win the respect paid only to an established Power with a settled policy. She must show herself able to govern herself and to wait. She must inspire a belief that, after she has succeeded and has joined Venetia and Rome to herself, she will be an orderly, peaceable, respectable State. Therefore, she must observe how the rest of Europe is going on, and must judge how the complications of European affairs affect her. Only a responsible Ministry can do this; and it is the precise business of a Ministry to estimate the real facts of politics, and not to be led away or to suffer their policy to be determined by popular fancies. GARIBALDI's visit to England offered an excellent illustration of this. In a recent discussion on the relations of the Ministry to the Party of Action, M. PERUZZI, the Minister of the Interior, to whom the defence of the Government was mainly committed, pointed out that enthusiastic and ignorant critics in Italy had imagined that GARIBALDI had carried the English nation with him, and that the processions, and dinners, and balls, and deputations with which he was honoured proved that England was quite ready to go to war with Austria. M. PERUZZI observed very justly, that no one with a real knowledge of England could believe this; and that the policy of England was not to be gathered from the shouts of crowds or the civilities of great ladies. On the contrary, that which would be most likely to procure the active assistance of England was the spectacle of a firm Government in Italy—a patient and powerful Government with which a satisfactory alliance could be formed, and which could be trusted to know what was practicable, and when an enterprise, if undertaken, should stop. No one here can doubt that M. PERUZZI was perfectly right, and that it is precisely because Italy is not governed by GARIBALDI, or by any one like him, that we shall think it worth discussing, when the time arrives, whether we are to help her or not.

But the Government has not only to assert itself and to maintain its position in debate. It has to take practical

measures, and sometimes finds itself obliged to put down societies, to suppress newspapers, to make arrests, to seize arms; and of course all this gives rise to many complaints. It is much easier for a Government to prove theoretically that it ought to be supreme than to be pardoned if, in any particular case, it establishes its supremacy at the cost of individuals. It must be remembered, too, that the Italian Government does not stand to its opponents in the position which most Governments occupy towards those who give them trouble. It approves the general aim, it admires the spirit, it wants the future support, of those whom it punishes. It must, therefore, prevent even more than repress. It is anxious that things should not get so far as that blood should be shed, or a severe punishment inflicted, for it only regards the offenders as persons doing a right thing at the wrong time, and it wishes to avoid hurting them if possible. But this obliges it occasionally to do things which the law seems scarcely to justify, and to cause great disappointment when it stops an action that popular opinion pronounces not only innocent, but meritorious. It was known not long ago, for instance, that a large quantity of arms had been collected, which it was intended to pass over the Venetian frontier, in order to stir up an insurrection and provide the insurgents with weapons. The Italian Government promptly seized these arms. It said most justly that nothing could be more cruel than to ask the Venetians to make a feeble, unsupported insurrection, which would be certain to be immediately put down, and that any insurrection in Venetia must necessarily be a failure unless it was supported by the whole force of Italy. It was for the Ministry to decide when the force of Italy should be exerted, and the time had not come. Therefore it was much better to seize the arms, and cause a temporary disappointment among some eager patriots, than to let the Venetians throw away their lives for nothing. In the same way, M. PERUZZI confessed that, as Minister of the Interior, he had summarily put down some societies that he thought dangerous, and had suppressed their organs in the press, or else, as he said, had caused them to die of inanition. But he offered two justifications of what he had done. In the first place, he said that he had anxiously consulted the best legal advisers he could find, and had tried to keep as much within the law as possible, and that, whenever the legality of any of his official acts had been tested in a court of law, he had always been victorious. Secondly, he asked his hearers to survey the general condition of the Italian press, and to say whether there was not as much liberty of writing in Italy as in any part of the Continent. The Parliament was perfectly satisfied, and if the Left would not own that the Minister was right, the general verdict of popular opinion was clearly in his favour. There must be great elements of political wisdom in the Italian character, when a people unaccustomed to political action can see so readily what is the right course in a time of prolonged difficulty, and can so patiently and so tenaciously adhere to its conclusions.

#### PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

THE House of Commons made a spasmodic effort, at the close of the Session, to remodel the Standing Orders on Private Bills. Colonel WILSON PATTEN perhaps foresaw that leisurely discussion would not promote the adoption of a scheme which he might otherwise have brought forward more conveniently three months before. Almost every member of the Select Committee, and of the House, who had any special knowledge of the matter, disapproved of the project for appointing referees; and it is curious that the author of the plan, though he has for thirty years been engaged in the administration of the Standing Orders, is utterly unacquainted with the judicial proceedings which he undertakes to reform. The sole question to be solved was the best mode of deciding a certain kind of issues, and for twenty years Colonel WILSON PATTEN has probably never sat on a Private Bill Committee. The crudest parts of his proposal have, notwithstanding the hurried deliberation which they underwent, been almost unanimously rejected, and it is doubtful whether the new tribunal of referees will survive its experimental session. Every member who was familiar with the subject protested against the absurd plan of appointing an engineer as one of the referees. In the few cases in which difficult questions of engineering arise, some of the most eminent members of the profession always hold opposite opinions, as the Judges and Law Lords are commonly divided in their construction of ambiguous statutes. It would be as unreasonable to terminate all controversy by the decision of a third-rate official engineer as to give a County-Court Judge a casting vote in the House of Lords.

An expert is always objectionable as a judge, because he has probably a preconceived opinion which interferes with his impartial attention to the evidence. Patent cases, which are far more complicated and abstruse than any inquiry which is conducted by a Select Committee, are decided, not by chemists or mechanists, but by judges and juries, who weigh the conflicting testimony of scientific witnesses. Nothing can be more baseless than the assertion that gross engineering absurdities are habitually laid before Parliamentary Committees. Even if the chairmen were totally ignorant of the matters with which they are thoroughly familiar, every question and every proposition of a technical kind is suggested by a professional engineer, who stakes his reputation on the plausibility, if not on the soundness, of his opinions. The very able advisers of Companies and projectors are too prudent, and probably too conscientious, to commit themselves to blundering statements. As might be expected, there is a general agreement on all really scientific questions, and controversies are for the most part confined to points of mechanical convenience or commercial advantage. Two engineers may fairly differ in their judgment on the expediency of spending a large sum to reduce a gradient from 1 in 100 to 1 in 150. Their explanation of the effect of the steeper or easier ascent on the load would probably be expressed by both disputants in precisely the same figures.

The referees will be perhaps as competent as Committees to determine issues of fact, provided they employ the same method of inquiry, and enjoy the same facilities for ascertaining the truth. The vagueness of Colonel WILSON PATTEN's notion is shown by the provision that the referees shall only hear one counsel. The Committees of both Houses have from time immemorial followed the same rule, if the words are to be understood in their plain and professional sense. If it is intended that only one counsel shall conduct a case from beginning to end, the time of the tribunal will not be saved, while the client will be unnecessarily deprived of the services of the leaders of the Bar in whom he is accustomed to confide. A more serious objection to the experiment consists in the arbitrary distribution of responsibility between two separate tribunals. Colonel PATTEN's conception of a fact is illustrated by his original list of matters for reference, which included the expediency of the project to which the assent of Parliament may be sought. The House of Commons more logically restricted the referees to certain definite subjects of inquiry, and the plan may possibly cause a convenient division of labour if the prescribed limitations are carefully observed. There can be no harm in a Report which informs a Committee that a proposed railway has such and such curves and gradients, that the earthworks amount to a certain number of thousands of cubic feet, and the estimate to some hundreds of thousands of pounds; but if the majority of the members of the Committee had been accustomed to judicial investigations of the kind, they would have known that all similar facts are generally disposed of in the course of half an hour. There is probably not one Private Bill in fifty in which the estimate for the works is seriously disputed. The inconvenience of the divided inquiry is likely to be felt in cases where it is impossible to disentangle the comparison of facts from calculations of public expediency. When it is proposed to supply a town with water, there can be no controversy as to the desirableness of the object; but there may be two competing watersheds, varying from one another in quality and quantity, and there will certainly be actual owners of the streams, who will require protection or compensation. When the referees have reported that one gathering ground will supply a larger quantity, and that the water from the other source is softer, the real difficulty of the investigation is not even approached. The time and money which have been occupied in ascertaining the simple facts would perhaps have been better employed in presenting the same evidence to the tribunal which must ultimately take all the elements of the question into consideration. It may be doubted whether it is possible materially to shorten legislative litigation, except by the simple plan of refusing to hear the litigants at all.

The inconvenient precipitation of the discussion produced a singular result in the vote on the numbers of the Committee. The House, having voted unintentionally against Committees of three and of five, was compelled, against the wish of the majority, to acquiesce in the remaining alternative of four. The casual decision is perhaps intrinsically the best, as the appointment of an even number of members would involve the concession of a casting vote to the chairman. The number of five is unnecessarily large, and it would be inconvenient that the proceedings should be inter-



rupted by the absence of one member from a Committee of three. As the chairman generally possesses more experience than his colleagues, and as his acceptance of the office proves his willingness to devote himself for the time to judicial business, his vote might fairly be allowed to decide the question when a Committee of four was equally divided. The only objection to the plan consists in the jealousy which it might perhaps excite, and, if the feeling generally prevailed, it would be more prudent to abandon it. In the majority of cases, a judicious chairman exercises considerable influence over the Committee, in return for the larger share of labour which he undertakes. If his authority were formally recognised, the principal advantage of the change would arise from the opportunity of reducing the present number of members. It must be admitted that precedent is opposed to a judicial casting vote. In every court of justice, from the House of Lords to the Quarter Sessions, all the members of each tribunal are equal, and the ablest presiding functionary is liable to be outvoted and to be checked if the dissentients form one-half of the Court. A Court of Quarter Sessions, which in its functions, to a certain extent, resembles a Parliamentary Committee, is, notwithstanding its republican constitution, generally represented, for all practical purposes, by the chairman. A casting vote in so numerous a body would be seldom available, and, if a chairman finds his opinion frequently overruled, his most appropriate remedy is to resign. The superior Courts sitting in *banc* deal exclusively with questions which are in the nature of appeals, or which may be reduced to an affirmative or negative issue. Consequently, if the judges are equally divided, the rights of the parties are left as they were previously determined, or, if a litigant asks for a special remedy, his application is rejected. It would be impossible to adopt the same rule in the proceedings of Parliamentary Committees, and consequently it is necessary either to secure a numerical majority or to allow the chairman a casting vote. There can be no harm in trying the experiment which has been accidentally approved, for a single session.

#### MR. GLADSTONE IN THE RECENT SESSION.

WHETHER the Iliad is made up of a series of detached lays devoted to the deeds of particular heroes, or whether it is an epic whole composed of successive and connected actions, is a problem which has engaged the attention, among many other critics, of the classical CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. But Mr. GLADSTONE'S Homeric studies must have brought before him the fact that many of the books of the Iliad have long gone by titles connected with the specific deeds of Greek and Trojan. We have the *aristeia* of DIOMEDE, the *aristeia* of AJAX, the *aristeia* of HECTOR or of ACHILLES. The late Session of Parliament may well be styled the *aristeia* of GLADSTONE. He is the central figure of this single senatorial episode. The only difference between the epic and the actual hero is that, in HOMER, the particular man of war, throughout one book at least, always has the best of it. Mr. GLADSTONE'S acts of valour have, however, had but a chequered success. We must score up to him the divided honours of a good innings and a bad one. There is his Budget and his Annuity Bill on the one side, his Suffrage Extension speech and his SHERIDAN duel on the other. In his triumphs, he could not escape the fate of offending almost everybody; and in his worst failures, he never omitted to display his innate powers. To be sure, the late Session has not exhibited Mr. GLADSTONE in the position which he occupied last year, when, "for this night only" the leader of the House, he contrived, on the occasion of the memorable debate on the purchase of the Exhibition Buildings, to lash the Commons into a tempest and fury of open rebellion by his bad management of a bad cause. But it may be questioned whether the imputations, or at least suspicions, of bad faith to his colleagues which have grown up in connexion with the last Session have not more seriously damaged his political standing than any solitary, however egregious, error in taste and official discretion could have done. To be only an imitator of the worst parts of Lord RUSSELL'S career is a Parliamentary disqualification for the highest office, more grave than personal petulance and a constitutional tendency to do and say even the best things in the worst temper and manner. When a statesman, in the very noon of his powers, both rises higher and sinks lower than ever, what forecast of his future are we to make? It may be doubted whether Mr. GLADSTONE ever displayed so much oratorical skill and versatility as in his speech on Mr. DISRAELI'S motion; while, on the other hand, unless it had been his wish to show his

powers of sinking, and his ingenuity in contriving ugly holes for the express purpose of falling into them, it is hard to conceive such an exhibition of gratuitous folly as his insults to Mr. SHERIDAN.

Perhaps the radical vice of Mr. GLADSTONE'S mind is his love of large and exhaustive theories. No statesman of commanding influence in these latter days has been a doctrinaire. His political father—PEEL—was not the least of a theorist. He always lived from hand to mouth. Lord PALMERSTON'S career has illustrated the same inglorious but most practical rule of political life. Not that Mr. GLADSTONE is, in fact, a bit more consistent than his fellows or predecessors. No man in English political life can be consistent. But the point in which Mr. GLADSTONE differs from other statesmen is, that, whatever his immediate line may be, it must always be justified by the largest, broadest, grandest general principles. Now the world hates universal propositions. Mr. GLADSTONE could not recommend a Bill about beating carpets without bringing it under a major premiss announcing some principle of eternal and immutable morality. Whether he really believes that everything must be ultimately reduced to a primordial law of the macrocosm, or whether it is only for the luxury of curvetting on the high intellectual horse, is unimportant except to those who like to study personal character; but this habit of mind is a very unfortunate one for its possessor. A Bill empowering Government to grant small annuities might, by a commonplace person, be recommended for its very commonplace merits; but people are not only alarmed, but feel insulted, when it is preached that the whole duty of man consists in saving, that every previous attempt at economy has only been encouraged by thieves and robbers, and that—while Mr. SHERIDAN, in particular, is little better than JUDAS—the only hope for the future destiny of mankind is to be found in a certain office in the Old Jewry. When it turned out, as it did, that the devil was not half so black as he was painted—if, indeed, there was any devil in the business—the angel introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE met with cold welcome, and people began to doubt whether the coming spirit was bringing breaths from heaven at all.

The other great case which illustrates the special position of Mr. GLADSTONE during the recent Session of Parliament is the speech which he delivered—and which, not without a purpose, he has published—on a proposal to extend the suffrage in towns from a 10*l.* to a 6*l.* franchise. Against this motion Mr. GLADSTONE voted, because the present was not the time for the Government to bring forward such a measure, and because the Liberal party generally was averse or indifferent to the question. Now here was an opportunity for a prudent man to hold his tongue. Just simply to do nothing, and to say nothing, would have been the dictate of poor, peddling, unambitious common sense. But this is not Mr. GLADSTONE'S way. Not content with dealing with these unavoidable facts, and yielding to the current and stress of daily events, he threw himself into the future. Not satisfied with the sort of work which a living statesman has to do, he nobly identified himself with posterity, and, in addition to his own daily duties, kindly undertook to solve the difficulties of Ministers yet unborn. In that remarkable oration Mr. GLADSTONE idealizes the working man of the future, and boldly transfers the problem of the present to the regions of the abstract and the theoretical. He surveys mankind in the abstract, the suffrage in the abstract, and the rights of man in the abstract. And, as if this were not remote and ideal enough, he introduces us into the visionary realm of man's moral rights. In this kingdom of shadows he discovers or constructs a large universal proposition—"Every man is morally entitled to come within the pale of the constitution"; which, being interpreted, may be read thus:—"It is for you to show cause of any or every renter of a six-pound house, that he is either a knave or a fool. I will not allow the plea that it is of no practical use to discuss a question in which no human being feels an interest, or to enter into a grievance which nobody complains about; for I think it is the duty of the House of Commons to affirm this sublime proposition about the rights of man, and to declare that, abstractedly speaking, universal suffrage is the universal heritage of humanity, *exceptis exceptis*, and that the exceptions are to be settled by specific proof, in every single case, of personal unfitness. All men are, by moral right, entitled to be voters, except SMITH and JONES, and the disqualifications of SMITH and JONES must be proved by a special and personal inquiry into SMITH and JONES'S life, character, and behaviour." Now there can only be two interpretations of talk of this sort. Either it means nothing, and is mere sonorous platitude, equivalent to any other large and schoolboy "views" about man and his moral rights, or else it amounts to a very mischievous hint to the

unenfranchised to assert their moral rights, not only to the franchise, but to a good many other things. To say the least, it has an ugly sound. It recalls the Orator of the Human Race, and the philosophical friend of humanity. There is about it an odour, not slight, of ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, the Abbé SIEYES, and even of Mr. THOMAS PAINE. And if we are to take it seriously, it leads to further questions. If all men are naturally equal, and are only personally disqualified to exercise the franchise by the absence of necessary intelligence or integrity, or because it might be dangerous to disturb the equilibrium of the constituency, who is to judge of their personal qualifications, or who is to pronounce when the balance of power is in jeopardy? Does Mr. GLADSTONE expect that virtuous SMITH is to come to the returning-officer and say, "As a man I have a moral right to a 'vote, but as I fear I am a fool, and know that I am a 'rogue, I beg that my name may be removed from the 'register'?"—or does Mr. GLADSTONE, in his simplicity, really believe that the six-pounders will, as a class, admit that the Constitution would be endangered if they acquired a monopoly of power? And if the parties personally interested are not to pronounce their own disqualification, who is to pronounce it? If not the six-pounders, then the classes above the six-pounders; which happens to be the present state of things—that state of things which Mr. GLADSTONE vehemently objects to, but which he will not vote for changing. Of course, when a very able man gets into such a chaos of nonsense, bystanders will suspect him of some sinister motive. They will say that he is laying a train for a democratic agitation, on the strength of which he is one day to be hoisted to power. They will not give Mr. GLADSTONE credit for his mere love of paradox, and his chimerical devotion to the abstract, and his mental incapacity to resist the attractions of a broad, sweeping, semi-philosophical statement. They, in their stupidity, will take him for an intriguer when he is only a dreamer. They make no allowance for the charms of sophistry to a mind such as Mr. GLADSTONE'S; and the world only sees the vulgar arts of the demagogue in that which, after all, is but an unlucky trick which a too voluble tongue has played its master.

#### DENMARK.

THE terms of peace which Denmark has procured at Vienna are, in some respects, less onerous than had been anticipated. It was quite certain she would lose the Duchies, and, if the Duchies were to go, it cannot be called a serious hardship that she should also lose Lauenburg and the islands off the Schleswig coast. The only essential point that was doubtful has been settled in her favour, for it is determined that she is not to be made to pay the expenses to which Prussia and Austria have been put in conquering her. It is even possible that what is termed the rectification of the Jutland frontier may give her back some portion of the purely Danish part of Schleswig. When the Danes recover from the first shock of their grief and humiliation, and begin to survey their position calmly, they may see that the losses which they have suffered are not wholly uncompensated. They will have to bear the burden of an increased debt, but they will be saved the necessity of keeping up an army. It is obviously impossible that they should be able to defend Jutland at any time against Germany, and the only troops they will want will be the garrisons of their forts on the islands. Even a reduction of their former army by two thousand men would involve a saving equal to the amount of additional interest on their public debt which they will have to meet, and they can make a much larger reduction than that. Should they spend the money they thus gain in increasing their navy and buying artillery of a newer and better kind, they may acquire a power at sea that will enable them to take full advantage of that geographical position to which they owe their place and standing in Europe. If Denmark had ten years of peace, and could escape domestic revolutions, she might easily become the first of the minor Powers, and be able to offer an alliance that any of the great Powers would be very glad to court. It is true that, if she ever ventured to oppose Germany, and Prussia and the smaller Northern States of Germany were united in their policy, the unfortunate Jutlanders would be entirely at the mercy of an invading army. They would again have to submit to the exactions, and pay the taxes, and endure the official bullying to which this melancholy summer has accustomed them. But this is the worst that could happen, if Denmark could protect Fünen and the other islands by her naval strength. The Germans, it is true, will have a harbour, and perhaps a fleet, at Kiel. But no one can yet say what would be the value of a German fleet if it existed, and it would be the fault of Denmark if she ever allowed the

fleet at Kiel to be a match for the fleet at Copenhagen. There is even some gain, to a naval Power, in an enemy or a rival having a fleet. When those persons in England who wished for war with Germany began to consider what England could do to hurt Germany, they were always troubled by the reflection that the Germans had no navy for our ships to send to the bottom of the sea; and when the Germans attributed our reluctance to fight to our jealousy of their possible and imaginary fleet, they might have found out that there is nothing which gives England so great a hold on other nations as their possessing a nice little navy, big enough to make its destruction of some importance, but not big enough to offer any effectual resistance. The loss of Kiel may, therefore, not very improbably prove some day to be the means of making Denmark more feared in Germany than she is now. The future of Denmark is not so very black as it has been painted, and if her inhabitants set to work in the right spirit, they may soon raise their country to at least as great a height as that from which it has fallen. The real danger is that, being a dogged, heavy, patient people, they may have no heart for new efforts, and may not have the capacity of profiting by the past. They may think that it is not worth while to buy new ironclads, and to put in the forts commanding the Sound the biggest and best guns that English manufacturers can supply. They may judge it better to keep their money in their pockets, and try to forget politics and the chances of political independence. If so, their day is over; but, after all we have heard of the advantages of having Norse blood, and of being descended from Vikings and Sea-robbers, it would be a poor ending for them to acquiesce meekly and listlessly in their humiliation, like the Jews in a Polish or Turkish town.

We have next to hear what is to be done with the Duchies that have been surrendered, and whether Count BISMARCK seriously thinks that Prussia is to occupy Schleswig for the next fifty years. Evidently there will be strong opposition to any project of the kind. The French papers have been ordered to write against Prussia, and even to stigmatize the terms of peace as a robbery. This is merely a phrase expressing general disapprobation, and has no immediate reference to the matter in hand; but it is calculated to create a useful expectation that France has a moral right to interfere when the next step in the settlement of affairs is taken. If the Prussians are robbers, it is even less to be permitted than it otherwise would be that they should keep possession of Schleswig under pretence of repaying themselves the cost of the war. And it is quite reasonable that France should object to this. If the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG takes his duchies free of incumbrance, and is left alone to enjoy them undisturbed and uncontrolled, it is difficult to see how the balance of power has been affected. One more little German State can give no offence and can threaten no danger to France. The Duke of SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN would be one of the most harmless neighbours to a great military sovereign that could be conceived; and the injury which the German fleet of the future would do to the French navy is too remote an evil to cause much serious annoyance. The Prince of MONACO, with his nest of gambling-houses and sirens imbedded in the midst of French territory, does more harm to France in a week than the Duke of SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN would do in a hundred years. Nor would it make much difference if the dream of German democrats were realized, and a marvellous German unity rose unexpectedly, like VENUS out of the sea, swallowing up the Duke of SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, with all the other Serenities and Transparencies. When we consider what German democrats are really like, how gentle and beery and voluble they are, how many internal difficulties they would have to surmount, and what endless trouble their own Gräfs and Barons would give them, we may be sure that their Republic or Empire would be very unlike the fire-eating Republic of revolutionary France. But it would be a very different thing if Prussia were to get and keep hold of Schleswig. It is not so much that Prussia would gain new territory by her conquest, and have more subjects to turn into soldiers, or to tax for the support of an army. All this goes for something in the aggrandisement of Prussia, but not for much. The real change would be that the virtual acquisition of Schleswig by Prussia would totally alter her position in Germany. All the smaller States of the North would deeply resent the conduct of Prussia. Their sovereigns would be urged to give expression to the indignation which this betrayal of the national hopes would cause. It is possible that a revolution might break out, in which case Prussia would either have to retreat from Schleswig or to put down by force the disturbances in the States of her neighbours, and would then be led on by the necessity of constantly repressing the revolution after she had obliged it to yield to her. And thus she



would be compelled, almost without her will or knowledge, to create, step by step, a great military tyranny in the North of Germany, which would give France a new and not very pleasant neighbour. Or, if the smaller States have not the courage to oppose Prussia openly, they are certain to show such extreme dissatisfaction that Prussia will have to overawe them. Baron von BEUST has already been once reminded that from Magdeburg to Dresden would be a very easy march for Prussian troops. The pressure would have to be exercised for a long time, and very firmly, or the smaller States would rebel against it. They would thus be converted into dependent allies of a great military Power; and the history of ancient Greece shows that such a combination may supply a force almost as formidable for a time as that of a single compact Power. Thus, whether Prussia had or had not to exert force in order to overcome the intense animosity in the smaller States which her occupation of Schleswig would infallibly produce, she must equally change her character, and present herself in a new and menacing aspect to France.

It is, therefore, in the highest degree improbable that any secret compact exists by which France has agreed that Prussia shall have Schleswig if she herself receives a set-off on the Rhine frontier. Such a compact would be the greatest mistake the EMPEROR could make. His alliance with the Liberal party in Germany, and the political influence it gives him, is worth much more to him than such a slip of territory as it can be conceived to be likely that Prussia would cede. It would alter, too, his whole position in Europe if he were to separate himself from what are vaguely termed the nationalities, and take payment for handing over the Schleswigers to Prussia. It is true that the Prussians are Germans, and the Schleswigers, even under Prussia, would not be governed by aliens; but the party in Germany which believes in nationalities, which has worked for the emancipation of the Duchies, and which, so to speak, invented Schleswig-Holstein, is the party which would be conquered and trampled on if Prussia succeeded in keeping Schleswig. Austria, too, is much more interested even than France in securing the Duchies for a minor Prince; and it appears that the Austrian Government is beginning to take heart again, and, now that the danger of a general war seems to have passed away for the present, is setting herself to carry out a policy in Germany distinct from that of Prussia. The official press has been instructed to assume, as a matter of course, that the whole war has been carried on in compliance with the wishes of Germany, and that the final settlement of the question will be made in complete harmony with what Germany wishes and expects. The Bund, especially, will be treated with all the deference that is due to it, and it is impossible that this announcement should not be intended and accepted as a contrast to the insulting rudeness and arrogance with which the Prussians have turned the Federal troops out of Rendsburg. Austria, in fact, has come to the conclusion that she has now more to lose than to gain by humbly following in the wake of Prussia; and it may confidently be anticipated that, if Austria and France and the minor States of Germany are united in their policy and aims, Count BISMARCK will find them too much for him, and will have to consign his splendid project of getting Schleswig for Prussia to that limbo which already holds so many of his magnificent and audacious designs.

#### NEW PEERAGES.

A RUMOUR which has been current, of an intended creation of a batch of new peerages, has not yet been confirmed, and it might be rash to assume the truth of a report which would seem to imply that the present Parliament is not to meet again for the despatch of business. One name on the list which has been circulated is that of the SPEAKER of the House of Commons; and though it would not be difficult to find a worthy successor to Mr. DENISON, it is not usual, and certainly would not be convenient, to elect a new Speaker in the last Session of an expiring Parliament. It may, indeed, be safely conjectured that his translation to the Upper House could not possibly be more gratifying to himself than it would be to the assembly over which he has endeavoured, for the past five years, to exercise an authority which has not always been effectually maintained. But the House of Commons could probably endure one Session more of Mr. DENISON, and his abrupt removal to another place, under circumstances for which there is no modern precedent, would be, to say the least, a most equivocal compliment. Unless, therefore, we are to suppose that it has been determined to dissolve Parliament during the present

recess—a point on which it is hardly likely that any final decision has been yet taken—we must suspend our belief in the authenticity of a catalogue of new peers which includes the SPEAKER's name. Otherwise the whole story is credible enough. Whig Governments have never been insensible to the expediency of infusing new blood into the House of Lords, and there is obviously room at this moment for the judicious employment of the pitchfork. It must be admitted that there is an awkwardness in having a Foreign Secretary who does not possess the confidence of the House of which he is a member; and if Lord RUSSELL cannot be persuaded to resign in deference to a vote of censure, of course the next best thing is to amend the constitution of the House itself by the addition of a reasonable number of good and safe men. It is satisfactory to think that a very little will do it. An Opposition majority of nine (proxies included) is not overwhelming, and a comparatively moderate exercise of prerogative is all that is needed to bring matters square. If the PREMIER could only see his way to the selection of half a score of eligible candidates for the peerage, he might have the gratification of persuading himself that his Government was supported, even in the Lords, by a clear majority of one.

Of the six names which report has set down for early promotion, we are glad to be able to speak with unqualified approval, though it is to be regretted that two of the number would fail to bring any immediate accession of strength to the Ministerial division lists. *Place aux Dames.* The creation of Viscountess MELBOURNE, with remainder to her son, Mr. W. COWPER, would be regarded as a graceful piece of marital gallantry on the PREMIER's part; and we should only have to lament that, though society permits peeresses to be strong politicians, the law and usage of Parliament do not allow them to sit and vote. The Marquis of WESTMINSTER is, beyond all question, as well fitted to adorn the first rank of the peerage as the second, and it would be impossible to assign any good reason why he should not be made a Duke if he likes it. It is unlucky that a Duke has no more votes than a Marquis, and that consequently the Minister could gain nothing in this quarter beyond the satisfaction of paying an inexpensive compliment to a very faithful supporter; but no one will contest the propriety of the promotion. It is certain that the new Duke would have the means of decently sustaining any dignity to which he can be advanced, and it may be confidently asserted that he is as competent to discharge the functions of a Duke (whatever these may be) as those of a Marquis. It is hardly necessary to remark that his delicacy cannot possibly be wounded by receiving a favour from the hands of a Government which he has always been ready to oblige by a serviceable, though silent, vote. Of Mr. DENISON we have already spoken, and we have only to add that there is no apparent reason why the most inefficient of Speakers should not, either now or at some future time, make a very good average Whig Lord. The names of Mr. W. BEAUMONT and Sir R. BULKELEY are little known to the general public except from their appearance in division lists, where, we believe, they are invariably to be found on the right side. GRAS and CLOANTHUS afford but scanty material for discriminative criticism; and the simplest and most unadorned language may suffice to record the fact—if it be a fact—that the respectable BEAUMONT and the respectable BULKELEY are to exchange the labours of county membership for the dignified repose of the Upper House. It is to be hoped that South Northumberland and Anglesea are safe Whig seats, for even the handsome working majority (as times go) of eighteen leaves but a limited margin for casualties.

The most notable name on the list claims the honour of a place by itself. Sir CHARLES WOOD, we are told, is about to gratify his political friends and the public at large by accepting the appropriate reward of nearly forty years of Parliamentary activity, the greater part of which has been spent in the official service of his country. It may be right to state, in order to prevent disappointment, that we do not vouch for a rumour which may possibly turn out to be unfounded or premature; but we are safe in saying that its practical confirmation would be a source of very general satisfaction. The present SECRETARY for INDIA has performed many characters on the political stage, with varying degrees of mediocrity, but there is none in which the country would better like to see him than in the new part of a Whig peer retired from business. In the prospect of parting with an old servant, one is always inclined to take the pleasantest view that any decent regard to truth will permit of a connexion which may have been far from satisfactory while it lasted, and which it is not thought desirable to prolong; and if we are really going to lose Sir CHARLES WOOD as a Minister, we can

cheerfully afford to bid him a civil farewell. His integrity and zeal for the public service have never been questioned. He has an almost unlimited capacity for labour of the routine sort, and he possesses a certain hard-headedness which, in its way, is a useful and well-wearing political quality. Nevertheless it is impossible to say that he is by any means either an admirable or a pleasing specimen of the British statesman. Perhaps a more entirely unoriginal mind never occupied itself with the business of Government. For more than thirty years he has been an inevitable member of every Whig Administration, but his warmest friends would scarcely venture to assert that he has ever displayed powers beyond those of a painstaking and industrious clerk. He has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and President of the Board of Control, and First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of State for India; but it cannot be said that in any capacity he has risen above the level of the dreariest commonplace. It is certain that he has never uttered a word in public which mankind will take the smallest interest in remembering; and we are not aware that he ever originated a measure which history will care to associate with his name. He is best known to his contemporaries by a style of oratory which perplexes and exasperates even the friendly listener, and which is singularly fitted to make the better reason appear the worse. If he has ever deviated into vivacity, it has been at the expense of conventional proprieties which a wiser man would have studiously respected. The most lively passage of his public career that we recollect was his famous controversy with Mr. LAING, when he pulled to pieces with unedifying frankness the facts and figures of the Indian Finance Minister, and rudely discredited the policy of an able and meritorious colleague, who, whether mistaken or not in the particular questions at issue, was at least entitled to courteous treatment. Of his temper and deportment there is, unfortunately, nothing to be said but what it would be more agreeable to leave unsaid. Sir CHARLES WOOD has never enjoyed the reputation of being a pleasant man to work with, or under. Art has done nothing to correct or conceal the acerbity of a harsh and ill-conditioned nature; and charity herself has no resource but to assume that he is wholly unconscious of peculiarities of manner which are offensive to others. On the whole, though it would be uncandid to deny him the possession of some qualities which are valuable in a public servant, he can only be taken, at the best, as a type of laborious, not to say leaden, mediocrity; and the country would learn with more than complacency that he had made his last speech in the House of Commons and served his last term as a Cabinet Minister. We have had a very long spell of Sir CHARLES WOOD, and a list of new peerages which shall include the name of the heaviest of heavy Whigs is sure to be generally popular—always provided that promotion to the House of Lords is understood to mean retirement from official life. In fact, with perhaps the one exception of the present HOME SECRETARY, there is no living public man (not already in the Upper House) whose final withdrawal from the category of possible Ministers would be more universally acceptable.

To a humane and generous mind it is consolatory to reflect that a dignified and not unpleasant retreat is always available for veteran politicians who have outworn the patience of their contemporaries. The anomaly of an hereditary Legislature has at all times offered a favourite theme for the wit and rhetoric of the Radical platform, and, to say the truth, there are questions about the British peerage which it is easier to ask than to answer as one could wish. One all-important function, however, in the social economy it performs with unrivalled efficiency. So long as we have public men whom it is desirable to lay on the shelf, but whom it would be ungracious to affront, we need never be at a loss to discover the utility of a House of Lords. There is not a more admirable provision of the British Constitution than that which affords an honourable asylum to decayed statesmen.

#### AMERICA.

THE Joint Resolutions of the Confederate Senate and House of Representatives, which have through some oversight been republished as a new document, may perhaps hereafter be almost as popular as the over-praised Declaration of Independence; and, on the whole, the recent manifesto is less rhetorical and more argumentative. Some of the alleged facts are, as in all similar cases, apocryphal, for there are not eight millions of free citizens in the unconquered portion of the Confederacy, and it may be doubted whether the seceding States were forced to abandon their former connexion. If,

however, as all Americans have for eighty years vociferously proclaimed, government is based on the free consent of the governed, it is unnecessary to inquire into their motives for exercising a lawful choice. Four years ago, Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD agreed, with the authors of the manifesto, that it was both unjustifiable and impossible to maintain the Union by coercion. The unequalled gallantry of the Confederates has since supplied any defect which might have been found in their original argument for independence; and it is probable that they will eventually achieve their object, although the PRESIDENT of the United States thinks fit to refuse all negotiation for peace, except on the assumption of an absolute conquest of the South. In dictating to the volunteer envoys at Niagara, as an indispensable condition of peace, the abolition of slavery, Mr. LINCOLN must have been well aware that he was imposing terms which the Confederate Government had no legal or actual power to concede. The PRESIDENT and Congress of the South are as strictly debarred as the Federal Government of Washington from all interference with the institutions of their constituent States. It is highly probable that Mr. GREELEY's correspondents acted altogether without authority; but they have perhaps done service to the Confederate cause by extracting from the hostile Government a distinct refusal to concede peace except on impossible terms.

In Georgia, the prospects of the Confederates are gloomy, for Atlanta appears to be virtually invested, although it has not been taken; and the inability of JOHNSTON, who has since been superseded, to prevent the approach of the invading army is a dangerous confession of weakness. It is said that, in the early part of the summer, SHERMAN's invasion was considered at Richmond more dangerous than GRANT's. The best part of the Southern army was probably concentrated under the command of LEE, but it might have been supposed that JOHNSTON retained the bulk of the forces which last year won a great victory under BRAGG at Chickamauga. Since the commencement of the campaign in Georgia, the Federal advance has been almost uninterrupted. SHERMAN's losses have been vaguely estimated at 20,000 or 30,000, but he has not had to fight a single pitched battle, and he has only sustained one serious repulse. The facility with which he has successively turned all the Confederate positions indicates an irresistible superiority in numbers, but, if he finally succeeds, he will have accomplished the most difficult enterprise which has hitherto been attempted by any Federal commander. Neither McCLELLAN nor GRANT has yet ventured to move twenty miles from his base of supplies, and SHERMAN has to maintain his communications with Chattanooga for more than a hundred miles by land. The Confederate armies under TAYLOR, FORREST, and WHEELER have of late given no sign of their existence. Some of the Confederate forces may possibly have been retained in Louisiana, or recalled there by General CANBY's preparations for a renewed invasion of the Red River district. There may perhaps be sufficient reasons for preferring an incursion into Kentucky to a movement which would either intercept SHERMAN's supplies or furnish JOHNSTON with valuable reinforcements. The accounts of the Western campaigns are even more scanty and confused than the one-sided narratives and prophecies of the operations in Virginia. The most positive conclusion which can be drawn from the reports is that both belligerents largely exaggerated the number of their disposable forces. If the Confederate army had numbered a quarter of a million, SHERMAN would never have approached Atlanta; and half a million of Federal troops would have allowed of the employment of sufficient forces to secure Kentucky from hostile incursions.

The imperturbable optimists of the North appear to have regarded with perfect complacency the appearance of the Confederate columns in Maryland. The figurative proposition that GRANT holds the rebellion by the throat has superseded in popular favour the metaphorical anaconda which was formerly always about to crush Secession in its folds. As long as Petersburg is threatened, the Confederate generals are, in the Republican opinion of New York, welcome to disport themselves with impunity on the North of the Potomac. It is supposed, with reason, that General LEE will not at present be at leisure to take either Washington or Baltimore; and it is hoped that Richmond, although it cannot be invested, may be starved into submission by the anticipated interruption of the railways. As long as GRANT remains with a great army at City Point, it must be supposed that he has not yet despaired of success; but it is certain that, if he is in possession of any feasible scheme for capturing Richmond, he has but recently discovered an alternative for plans which seemed preferable until they proved



to be impracticable. He intended to attack the city from the North, and he now menaces it on the South. He hoped that BUTLER would secure Petersburg, which has since defied the strength of the main army; and, after crossing the James River, he expected that HUNTER would take Lynchburg, and that his own cavalry would permanently intercept the communications to the West and South-west of the capital. He had every reason to believe that HUNTER's victory over JONES would deprive the Confederates of the resources of the Shenandoah Valley, and he was assuredly surprised by the intelligence that the enemy had sought and found a remount for their cavalry, and a supply of provisions for their army, in Maryland. An able general will make the best of disappointment, and GRANT's perseverance may perhaps at last be rewarded by victory. In the meantime, however, it would be imprudent to rely on the vaticinations of journalists who consult the singular taste of their countrymen by boasting, not only when their champion is putting on his armour, but when he is replacing the damaged portions of his harness. For the present, General LEE holds uninterrupted communication with every part of Virginia, while his adversary depends exclusively on his transports. The Confederate army which lately invaded Maryland can return at its own convenience, or it may molest the navigation of the Lower Potomac by batteries on the right bank of the river. If the news from Georgia were as encouraging as the condition of affairs in Virginia, the prospects of the Confederates would be tolerably cheerful.

The revival or creation of a peace party in the North will depend mainly on the progress and issue of the campaign. If the genuine Democrats are in want of arguments, they may protest against a public letter in which General SHERMAN coolly declares that the Constitution is unduly favourable to personal freedom, and that "we, the military," must remedy the defect. The Americans so habitually prefer vigour or bluster to legal right, that the conqueror of Northern Georgia will probably attract general admiration by his impudent assertion of the supremacy of force. As the PRESIDENT has proclaimed martial law in Kentucky, General SHERMAN's ukases are scarcely so anomalous as the recent attempt to withdraw the Federal officers in New York from the civil jurisdiction of the State. Perhaps, however, there may be some Americans who may doubt the right of a general to sentence free citizens to death without trial, or to banishment to some unknown country, after previous exposure to the fire of Confederate guerillas on the Mississippi steamboats. It is not surprising that, when the Constitution is treated with open contempt, the laws of war and the laws of humanity should be utterly disregarded. General SHERMAN is well aware that, since the commencement of the war, no act or threat of military violence or executive usurpation has incurred either punishment or public censure. PARSON BROWNLOW only caricatures the popular sentiment when he proposes to arm the "catamounts, negroes, and devils" whom he includes in the same category of horror, and to drive the rebels, like the Gadarene swine, into the Gulf of Mexico. It is true that, after all, the war has not been conducted with extraordinary cruelty. The words of SHERMAN and of BUTLER are more savage than their deeds; but it is, in some respects, more dangerous to tolerate professed contempt for law than to connive at crimes which are confessedly indefensible.

Mr. LINCOLN's demand of 500,000 recruits expresses the unshaken determination of the Republican party to continue the war. If all the calls which have been made were added together, the sum total would fall but little short of three millions of men in three years and a half. Since last October, more than a million of men have been nominally summoned to arms, but the apparent military statistics require several corrections. Each successive call is reduced by the credit allowed to districts for any surplus on previous calls; and, as the present demand is only for a year's service, every three-years' volunteer will be counted as equal to three recruits. The Federal Government probably knows its own business, but it seems impolitic to enlist men for so short a period, as the recruits or conscripts will not be available for service in the field before the spring campaign, and they will be released in the autumn. The Confederate generals, commanding troops who serve for the whole period of the war, are likely to adapt their enterprises to the state of the enemy's army, and to press their advantages when 200,000 or 300,000 men have just completed their term of service. If, however, the Federal Government obtains half the proposed number of fresh soldiers, the South must be prepared for at least one more renewal of the annual invasion. The losses of the summer campaign will scarcely exceed 200,000 men, and if the deficiency can be re-

placed, the enterprises of SHERMAN and GRANT may be repeated or varied at the pleasure of the future President. It is useless to speculate on the probability of success in raising volunteers, and on the willingness of the Northern population to submit to the draft. Pay and bounty must be largely raised to meet the depreciation of the currency, but American politicians are insensible to expense. The draft will, under the present law, present none of the facilities for evasion which mitigated its severity in 1863; yet, as long as the war is popular, or as long as it is supported by a large majority, no local discontent will materially hamper the policy of the Government. The provision for crediting recruits raised in the conquered Confederate districts to those Northern States which obtain their services is probably intended as a safety-valve to relieve the direct pressure of the draft. If an escaped Georgian slave is accepted as a substitute for a citizen of Pennsylvania or New York, compulsory enlistment may, perhaps, not be found intolerable.

#### THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

LORD PALMERSTON had no difficulty, on the last day of the Session, in answering Mr. KINGLAKE's question as to the policy of England in Mexico. There is, fortunately, no political party which would approve of a war for or against JUAREZ. It is not even necessary to exhibit any diplomatic preference for the Empire or the Republic. The only difficulty which can arise concerns the facts of the case, which may possibly be complicated and puzzling. The actual ruler of the country ought to be acknowledged under any title which he may think fit to assume, and as all new-fangled monarchies affect the style of Empires, MAXIMILIAN I. will be treated as Emperor, if he succeeds in establishing his power. There is at present some doubt whether his dominions are likely to be coextensive with the former Republic. In old-established States, the Government which occupies the capital generally represents the nation, but the feeble vitality of Mexico may be equally diffused over its wide-spread provinces. The French army, wherever it moves, penetrates without serious opposition, and perhaps military possession may be the best proof of sovereignty, in the absence of local independence as well as of national patriotism; yet it is possible that the remoter districts may withhold their obedience, and the fugitive PRESIDENT still affects a political existence in some corner of the country. It will be safe to assume that the Emperor MAXIMILIAN is the actual ruler of Mexico, if he contrives to raise a respectable revenue and army. The loyal enthusiasts who are supposed to welcome his arrival with transports of delight will not evince their attachment by willing sacrifices either in purse or in person; but if the fancy of the Indian population has really been struck by the appearance of the new dynasty, the Empire may find a substantial basis which was wanting to the Republic. The most frivolous enthusiasm may tend to facilitate the submission which is the first condition of rational organization. Any moderately stable Government must be preferable to the degrading anarchy which has lasted since the separation of Mexico from Spain; and the lapse of a few years exempt from revolution and from flagrant disorder would furnish an inducement for further perseverance in the same course, by augmenting the material prosperity of the country. A tolerable police would double the value of every article of property in Mexico.

While Englishmen are content to cherish a more or less sanguine hope that Mexico may at last emerge into respectability, France and America are deeply interested, on opposite sides, in the result of the Imperial experiment. The Emperor of the FRENCH may perhaps have had no sufficient motive for the costly enterprise which he has prosecuted with so much vigour and resolution; but his character for ability and good fortune would be gravely compromised by the overthrow of the dynasty which he has created. If the Mexican Empire thrives, its commerce with Europe will increase, and possibly French traders may be persuaded that it was advisable to support the Latin race against the aggressive Anglo-Americans. The Mexican coast will offer French adventurers openings of the same kind as those which their countrymen have for many years found in Egypt, and it is highly probable that another scheme of an inter-oceanic canal may be rendered as attractive as the speculation of M. LESSEPS, by the real or supposed jealousy of another rival nation. The connexion of the Atlantic with the Pacific, by piercing the isthmus of Panama, was one of the many dreams which occupied the imagination of the present EMPEROR during his youthful years of exile; and, although the engineering difficulties are

thought to be insuperable, a bold projector might secure his favour by attempting the exploit. The enterprise would be recommended by the incidental necessity of extending French influence through the regions of Central America, over races which the Imperial ethnology might designate as Latin. The Republic of Grenada, which maintains a precarious independence tempered by constant interference on the part of the United States, would probably welcome a foreign protector, or a competing customer for the profits of the transit. All the petty States which found themselves, a few years since, at the mercy of an American freebooter, would be accessible to patronage, to bribery, and to superior force. The French make bad colonists, but no nation is better suited to convert semi-barbarous races into useful auxiliaries and instruments. Their exemption from the repellent self-esteem of English settlers has always rendered them comparatively popular with foreign dependents.

The best reason for wishing well to the Mexican Empire is derived from the probability that its example may influence the kindred States which unprofitably possess the soil of Spanish America. English energy will suffice to develop the commercial and mineral wealth of the country, but guidance and government will be more efficiently supplied by a nominally Catholic agency. The project of re-establishing by conquest the old monarchy of Spain and the Indies is evidently hopeless. Even the mulattoes of San Domingo are rebelling against their Spanish masters; and Peru will probably establish a league on the Pacific coast, to resist the usurpation which has commenced with the seizure of the Chincha Islands. The acceptance of new dynasties from Europe, under the protection of France, would be a more plausible and popular remedy for the evils of South American anarchy. Brazil, with all its corruption, its superstition, and its adherence to slavery, is the most civilized and prosperous State between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn. As the Portuguese colonial system was not more enlightened than the Spanish, Brazilian superiority can only be explained by the absence of revolution, and by the fortunate accident of the French invasion of Portugal, which caused the Royal family of the Mother-country to transplant themselves beyond the Atlantic. If another flourishing monarchy is established in Mexico, the rank growth of rival Presidents and revolutionary Generals will probably be extirpated by princes who would at least possess the inestimable quality of permanence. Lord PALMERSTON's successors will not fail to recognise with perfect cordiality as many South American Kings and Emperors as the Latin race may find sufficient for its wants. It will probably not be necessary to despatch a French army to prepare the way for every separate coronation.

The MONROE doctrine, which is supposed to prohibit the extension of monarchy on the American Continent, will admit of different interpretations as circumstances vary. Five or six years ago, it meant that the United States claimed an immediate or reversionary supremacy over all the neighbouring countries; and, although the pretension was new to international law, it might have been dangerous to interfere with the supposed protectorate. The civil war has enabled the Emperor NAPOLEON to conquer Mexico, for the purpose of substituting for the Republic a Monarchy dependent on himself. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD, prudently perceiving that it is impossible to offer present resistance, have assured the French Government that an unseasonable protest of the Federal House of Representatives is nugatory and inoperative. If the South were at this moment conquered, and the Union restored, the Government of Washington would at once enter into alliance with JUAREZ. If, however, the new dynasty becomes peaceably established in Mexico, it will be difficult to find an excuse for remonstrance on the part of the United States. It would be absurd to pretend that the existence of a Court a thousand miles off involved any risk to the Republican institutions of the North. The only interest of the American Government in Mexico amounted to a right of pre-emption or pre-conquest, whenever the ill-joined commonwealth fell by degrees asunder. In this manner Texas and California had been acquired, and Sonora and the remaining provinces might gradually have followed the precedent; but as soon as the process of disruption comes to an end, the neighbourly right of spoliation ceases of itself. The modern version of the MONROE doctrine is notoriously an extension of its original purpose. Mr. MONROE, at the request of Mr. CANNING, protested against the supposed purpose of the Holy Alliance to support Spain in the recovery of the colonies, after the Duke of ANGOULÊME had restored FERDINAND VII. as absolute King. As the relations of all parties have changed, the original MONROE policy is no longer applicable; and the Govern-

ment of the United States is not bound, either by honour or by interest, to substitute another claim which may itself have become obsolete.

#### THE MINISTERS AND THE FISHMONGERS.

*DESINIT in piscem*—the Session exhales in fish. Not content with the annual fish dinner at Greenwich, Lord PALMERSTON and some of his colleagues, greatly daring, have dined with the Fishmongers at London Bridge. An ancient and fish-like odour will accompany the noble PREMIER to his holiday retreat, and it becomes a matter of interesting conjecture why a termination so doubly fishy should have been reserved to the Session. Refined speculation will find in this exuberance of a watery and innutritious diet something characteristic of the unsubstantial Parliamentary work performed by the Government; and Lord PALMERSTON certainly diluted his intellect down to a cold and flabby tone which was eminently appropriate to the trade, or professed trade, of his hosts. The Prime-Warden of the Fishmongers saluted the PREMIER in the most eulogistic terms; great ability, eminent sagacity, and consummate statesmanship were among the most moderate phrases with which Mr. JAMES SPICER greeted his noble guest and brother Fishmonger. If all this did not turn Lord PALMERSTON's head, it, or the salmon, certainly affected his stomach; for, except in the direst pangs of dyspepsia, no practised joker, when heavily oppressed by the necessity of bringing out the usual after-dinner grin, could have floundered into fun so dismal as that which is attributed to Lord PALMERSTON at this dinner. Perhaps "at fourscore it is too late a week" for a veteran joker to reform; but there are signs, if not of drivelling, yet of senescent wit, in the compliment which the PREMIER paid to "this ancient corporation for its worthy performance of functions particularly connected with the position of the country. One of these functions is to regulate the immigration of the vast multitude of the inhabitants of the ocean that come in contact with the population. That duty has been from time to time most worthily performed by this corporation; and I am told that to this day the inhabitants of this great metropolis are weekly and daily indebted to the guardian care of this corporation; for that there are multitudes of immigrants that come here from the depths of the ocean unfitted to mix with the population of this island, and being unable to obtain the necessary passport, are refused an entrance through the vigilance of this ancient corporation." *Œdipus* help us! but what does this riddle mean? We have been told that it is in the speaker's happiest manner; but if the happiness reached the hearers, it certainly does not at the first blush affect the readers of this divine oratory. The assembled Fishmongers received the joke, if it was a joke, with "laughter," but it requires to be an ancient and practised Fishmonger to understand it. Polonius was said by Hamlet to be a fishmonger, and it was quite in Polonius' vein that the PREMIER hit off this ponderous jocosity. If he meant that fishmongers catch fish as well as sell it, the mercantile fact is new; and, if he means that pilchards and herrings are in the habit of swimming up the Thames, the ichthyological discovery is newer still. But then, except that it lets us into the knowledge of the author of certain sentences in the QUEEN'S Speech, what are we to make of the ponderous phrase, "the multitudes of immigrants that come here from the depths of the ocean, unfitted to mix with the population of this island"? If this only means fish in general, why every man at table was a living proof that the immigrants from the depths of the ocean are, when cunningly cooked, anything but unfitted to mix with the population of this island. Or does it mean that on Tuesday night the PREMIER found that the Saturday's white-bait had disagreed with him? What it does mean is, that to the care of the Fishmongers' Company it is owing that we have no doubtful oysters, stinging rays, dog-fish, and cuttle-fish for sale at Billingsgate, for we know of no other immigrants from the ocean unfitted to mix with the population? Anyhow the world was hardly aware that it was owing to the Prime Warden's vigilance that these disagreeable sea-monsters, or stinking fish in general, were refused their passport to our tables, and people would hardly have discovered it from the PREMIER's enigmatic allusion to the sanitary functions of this ancient Corporation.

After this sort of fun, even to attempt the feeblest of puns was impossible; and Earl RUSSELL, who followed Lord PALMERSTON, is not the man, when his chief has exhausted the worlds of waggery, to imagine new. And there was anything but fun in the FOREIGN SECRETARY's speech; for its subject was Earl RUSSELL's own political life, which is certainly no laughing matter. In the high Oriental philosophy, the last



stage of being is Nirwāna. This is said to consist of absorption in the one Divine Essence—an identification of the *Ego* with Divinity; and the only energy of the soul consists in a serene contemplation of self or God—self and God being, for all practical purposes, much the same. EARL RUSSELL has arrived at political Nirwāna; self-contemplation is the natural function of the statesman when translated to the highest sphere of existence, which is, in this case, the House of Lords. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Full of himself, EARL RUSSELL, among the Fishmongers, spoke only of himself. Serene, abstract, passionless, he meditated on himself, and in the length and depth of self-consciousness and self-absorption, he saw only one supreme and living essence—himself. He contemplated himself, meditated upon himself, and therefore spoke of himself. He described himself as entering EARL GREY'S Cabinet, and then he dwelt upon the Reform Bill of 1832, upon the Test and Corporation Repeal Act, upon religious liberty, upon Free Trade—*quorum pars magna fui*. For thirty-three years EARL RUSSELL has been a Fishmonger, and for more than thirty-three years he has been a Reformer. What could be more interesting to the Fishmongers than to know all about the life of this veteran Fishmonger? In one respect, certainly, this retrospect of the noble Earl's career presented a chief attribute of that eternal self-absorption of which we have spoken. That life must be infinite which has neither beginning nor end. EARL RUSSELL, in recounting his successes, said nothing either of the *Nun of Arrouca* or of his conduct of the Danish negotiations. What SIR CHARLES WOOD said, "in responding for the House of Commons," is it not written in the pages of the *Daily News*? The *Times* charitably suppresses the coming Baron's graceful congratulations of himself on the great successes of his Indian administration. And we are not disposed to say more of the Secretary's speech than that it is quite worthy of one who is said to be about to exchange the red hand for the coronet, for distinguished official services to a grateful country.

And now a serious question occurs—whether, for the next six months, we are to have much more of this sort of thing. Twice within a fortnight have HER MAJESTY'S Ministers been entertained by the citizens of London—once at the Mansion House and once at this Fishmongers' Hall. Twice to joke and twice to dine in one fortnight is hard service even for LORDS PALMERSTON and RUSSELL. And, as though this were not enough, the PREMIER, since his exploits at City dinners, has begun his country relaxations by running down into Northamptonshire, where he assisted LADY PALMERSTON to cut a sod, trundle a barrow, and do the navy. And, of course, a speech suitable to the occasion followed, all about broad-wheeled waggons and dock-tailed horses, much to the admiration of the distinguished agricultural mind of Towcester. Sweets to the sweet; fish to the fishy; clods to the cloddy; all things to all men; the modern BUCKINGHAM is all mankind's epitome. The interests of suffering humanity suggest that some check should be put upon the vacation speeches of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. It would be too painful to suppose that, commencing with the metropolis, the Cabinet are going to perform a round of witty speeches and self-congratulation in the provinces. Yet can it be that this is, after all, the meaning of that sentence, mystic and wonderful, with which the QUEEN'S Speech is wound up?—"On returning to your respective counties, you will still have important duties to perform, essentially connected with the linking together of the several classes of the community." Judging from these "extra-Parliamentary utterances" in City and country, and estimating the harvest by the first sheaf, we suppose HER MAJESTY'S recommendation means that all political men, especially the Ministers, ought to employ the long vacation in working for their party, and in praising themselves and being praised to their faces. This certainly is one way of "performing" duties essentially connected with the linking together of the "several classes of the community," because it is undeniable that Ministers and their friends in the country are classes of the community. But the question occurs, is this an honourable, is it quite a decent, task for Ministers to set themselves for the next six months? Can the respect of sensible people, to say nothing of self-respect, be preserved by constant or even frequent intercourse with such clumsy adulators as Fishmongers and Prime-Wardens, Romsey Churchwardens, or Tavistock Aldermen or the Towcester Volunteers? Surely LORD PALMERSTON may point to the *superbiam quasitam meritis*. He has done enough, and is enough, to be entitled to decline Dover dinners and Southampton Lecture Rooms. A certain amount of nonsense is expected from a Premier *en retraite*, and LORD PALMERSTON was per-

haps well advised in cramming nonsense enough for a whole vacation into a single week's work. He has already, since Parliament rose, done quite enough to sustain his reputation for being the very worst "occasional speaker" going; and everybody will be satisfied with efforts which in their own peculiar line are unapproachable.

#### PROVINCIAL STYLE.

MR. ARNOLD—who, almost alone among Englishmen, explores that rich vein of thought offered by the contrast of the English and the French intellect—has recently published a paper in the *Cornhill Magazine* which purports to discuss the influence of Academies on literature. He hardly commits himself to a serious proposal that an English Academy should be constituted, for the impossibility of subjecting English literature to the control of a Board is too obvious even for a theorist. Mr. Arnold does not waste his time on this, but points out what are the defects of the English mind which do not exist, or do not exist prominently, in the French mind, and he justifiably connects the superiority of the French with the existence of the Academy. There is, as he says, an influence exercised by the Academy over French literature very much like that which the metropolis exercises over the provinces. The Academy secures the triumph of what is termed the central over the provincial, in thought, expression, and style. This is quite true, and those of Mr. Arnold's readers who are interested in his subject will regret that he did not think it worth while to devote more of his space to the consideration of what the central and the provincial are in style, and that he preferred to amuse himself with quoting passages from modern writers which show how great are the audacities that even persons of mark permit themselves, and the abysses of bad style into which they fall. It was hardly worth while to prove that Mr. Ruskin is sometimes silly and sometimes affected, or that the Handbook of the Pictures in the last Exhibition was full of slashing criticism. Even the largest indulgence for paradoxes, again, will scarcely pardon a writer who is acquainted with the astonishing platitudes of French Academicians of the second order, and who yet attempts to persuade himself that Addison put commonplaces into good English because there was no Academy to reveal to him the poverty of his thoughts. Still, the general subject that is suggested in Mr. Arnold's article is full of interest. What is the central, and what is the provincial, in style? How does it happen that the provincial never dies, but always appears in some form or other? and what is the central and controlling power in England which limits the errors of style, and keeps up the standard of literary excellence, and which therefore, so far as the Academy fulfils these purposes in France, may be said to answer to the Academy?

It is probably true that bad style—or, rather, imperfect style—must always exist, because it necessarily attends, in various shapes, on the different forms which good style takes. It is not as if there was one simple, undeniable, perfect style, from which all others are aberrations. Men of genius or of great power of mind write their own style, for, as Buffon said, the style is the man. In English literature, the style of Burke is good, and the style of Southey is good. The excellence of De Quincy is equalled by the excellence of Dr. Newman, and yet all four styles are perfectly different and distinct from each other. In every case the style is intimately connected with the general cast of the writer's thought, and the language gains and grows because Englishmen of bright thought and practised power write, generation after generation, in English. Sometimes the language which a man of genius has taught himself to use can scarcely be called a good style, but is yet vigorous, suggestive, and characteristic, and we can neither wish that the style should be separated from the man nor conceive how the separation could take place. It is, for example, a gain to English literature that Mr. Carlyle should have written in Carlylese. In no other way could he have produced so accurate an expression of his thoughts, or have done so much justice to himself. Mr. Ruskin, again, sometimes, as Mr. Arnold points out, writes a style perfectly marvellous for its sustained subtlety and a certain involved and tropical richness of imaginative expression; while sometimes he maunders on, saying the most foolish things in a prolix, affected way, though with an air of authority, as if he were an Old Testament prophet taking his ease. And yet the bad things and the good things are part of the same man, and it belongs to the character of the man and his thoughts that there should be this flux of an originality impotent to restrain or measure itself. But when such men as Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle have secured their position, and caught the attention of their generation, and infused a certain portion of their thoughts into the mind of every educated person, it is inevitable that many of those writers who are most affected and captivated by them should use the language of their masters to express what in their thought comes from their masters. Particular phrases are then caught up and repeated, not because they have much meaning in the connexion in which they are used, but because it has come to be received as an accepted and traditional truth, on the authority of certain eminent writers, that they have a virtue as in themselves, and are full of a secret meaning, such as was once assigned to opals and amulets. For example, Mr. Carlyle, in his great anxiety to put portraiture into language, and to make short phrases express a whole character, used to employ freely the term

"humour," and to apply to it, as instruments of variation, certain emphatic words, such as grim, inner, veracious, and so forth. These words were originally parts of a description which was meant not only to be exact, but to be more exact, because more suggestive, than plain words setting forth moral qualities at length could possibly be. The effect was to a certain extent produced; and then admirers of Mr. Carlyle, although aware that they could not paint verbal pictures as he could, thought they might at least use the same paints, and so applied pretty freely to any one of whom they were speaking such expressions as that he had grim or veracious humour. In a later stage, expressions like these came to be used, by persons not very choice or accurate in their language, as mere pieces of emphasis, and without any reference to Mr. Carlyle. Certain writers seem to acquire thus, without effort, and almost without their knowledge, a simple fund of strength, and their language is, as it were, made emphatic for them just as it is by slang. If, for instance, they like a man, and wish to praise him, they would say, if called upon to write in a solemn and formal way of him, that he was full of veracious humour; just as, if they were writing in a quiet and easy way among friends, they would say that he was a "thundering brick." Any one who reads either expression sees in a moment that nothing more is really meant than that the writer likes and admires the person of whom he is speaking.

We may call such turns of style provincial, both because they are not used by persons who are what Mr. Arnold calls central—that is, subject to the influences which promote good taste and accuracy in language—and also because they are much oftener found in circles where what is ordinarily known as provincialism abounds. They are more frequent in the columns of a country newspaper than in those of a London newspaper, and far more frequent in America than in England. But this use of the phrases of particular authors by inferior writers is only an obvious and coarse illustration of the connexion between faults of style and real advances both in thought and language. There are many instances of a more subtle and delicate kind. For example, the French have a mode of using existing words in a way that seems to invest them with a new meaning, to enlarge their power, and to make it, as it were, an open point what they can and what they cannot comprehend. They use such words as "question," "solution," "idea," "position," "solidarity," in a way that seems to give a vista of meaning repeated and reflected, just as when one looking-glass is opposite another, and the series of looking-glasses seen in either seems to fade off into infinity. There is no saying how many "ideas" there are in an "idea," or how many "questions" in a "question." We feel called upon to find this indefinite possibility in words, and we do not like to own ourselves unequal to the call. Undoubtedly, this vague enlargement of the comprehensive powers of a certain number of words has great value when they are carefully and successfully employed. We find, so to speak, mansions created for us in which we may house new thoughts if we can but discover any. Criticism often seems invested with a new power when it thus can seem to say about a man more than it does say. M. Saint-Beuve, for example, is the first of French critics, and he uses language of this kind very freely, although with great art and good taste. His style seems simple, and has the appearance of conveying much; and yet it is difficult to say precisely what it means and what it conveys. We are not speaking of this as a fault, for M. Saint-Beuve is really great as a critic, and the hints which the use of flexible or extensible language enables him to give are often most valuable. But the use of this language makes him, in some degree, wearying after we have read a certain amount of him; for we have too many such possibilities of meaning opened up to us, without our knowing exactly what they would come to, or be worth, if we pursued them. In minor French writers, terms like these lead to that grandiloquent obscurity and that languid flatulence of language which is the painful characteristic of a great part of modern French writing.

It is not our particular failing in England to employ language of this sort, although some expressions of the kind are creeping into use, partly because we copy blindly other things than our fancies from the French, and partly because the words we thus borrow supply a want we feel, and convey a vagueness which we wish to convey. But our faults of style are so numerous that it does not make much difference whether we have this one or not, and we can never hope that the provincial style will die out here. It is not even to be wished that it should, because the growth of the provincial style is inseparable from the growth of the central style. New thoughts will find a language of their own, and this language will be employed by others than those who have those new thoughts, and will be employed wrongly and recklessly. But although the provincial style must remain, there is a force continually at work to limit its use, and to prevent it from triumphing completely. There is the force of educated opinion. We cannot say where, or in whom, this opinion resides. It has no definite and assignable home, as in the French Academy. We cannot determine who are the persons of good taste and sense and refinement, and who are not. But we know that silently, and without premeditation or effort, they are always keeping up a certain standard, and protesting against bad taste. They inspire a feeling in the minds of persons not at all critical themselves that the use of phrases borrowed from Mr. Carlyle without meaning is wrong, or at least is not so right as it seems to be. It is the especial characteristic of the higher English education to produce this opi-

nion. There is much less of it in Scotland than in England, and much less of it in America than in Scotland. Possibly the nature of English education, and its completely classical character, may have the effect of making, fostering, and concentrating this opinion. At any rate the opinion exists, and so long as it exists—so long as there is an undefined educated public, pronouncing itself quietly but firmly, and separating the good in style from the bad—a protracted departure in any one direction from a standard of moderate excellence will be impossible; and, although the provincial style will flourish, it will still be kept in subjection by the central.

#### WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

"THERE is nothing fixed, no duration, no vitality, in the sentiments of women towards each other. They are mere pretty bows of ribbon, and no more. Orestes and Pylades have no sisters." Certainly this is a hard saying, and yet most women, if they are honest, will confess that it is a true one. And, after all, we need not go very far to find a reason why women are not good friends with women. They want diversity of character; and it is upon this very diversity that the strongest friendships are built. The best friends are not mere reproductions of one another; they are rather each other's complement. They are united, not by an accidental identity of tastes, or powers, or pursuits, but by the assimilation, through the affections, of intellectual and moral differences. It is not so much that the character of either is changed as that the characters of both are enlarged; our friends are added to, and become a part of ourselves, and we in turn are added to, and become a part of our friends. An absolute resemblance is fatal to such a union; it leaves no room for the process of mutual adaptation. To bind people together, there must be different though corresponding angles in their characters—recesses in which the salient points of each may find shelter, projections which may fit into and fill up the recesses. Without these they will be like pebbles in a wall, cemented by the force of interest, habit, or circumstance, but having no coherence of their own. It is just this variety in which women are deficient. In all other respects they are of the stuff that friends are made of, and many of the qualifications for friendship they possess in a far higher degree than men. They have more self-sacrifice and less small selfishness, greater tenderness and greater tact, a quicker sympathy and a keener apprehension. But they are too much alike ever to be great friends. Somehow, women do not differ from women as men differ from men. Amidst all their innumerable diversities there is an underlying resemblance, something which resists analysis and sets calculation at defiance, something which you can neither explain nor account for, and which you must be content to call "a woman's way of looking at things." And how instinctively women recognise and proclaim the truth of this! No man ever professed to understand another man without either knowing him, or caring for him, or sympathizing with him; but this is just what women insist on doing for women every day of their lives. With them, community of sex supplies the place of all these qualifications. A woman claims to understand a woman simply because she is a woman.

Does it follow, therefore, that women are altogether shut out from friendship? Before acquiescing in this conclusion, it may be as well to reconsider the possibility of such a sentiment existing between persons of different sexes. Certainly there is a prejudice against it. That men and women may feel for one another a real and strong affection, without being either related or in love, is not perhaps altogether denied, but it is at most only half believed. And yet, if such relationships are possible, there would be some present advantages in recognising them. The benefit of women's influence over men has long been among the most approved commonplaces of social morality, but we are greatly in want of some new medium through which it may make itself felt. In a less artificial society it acts naturally, and almost exclusively, by means of love and marriage, but it has now to adapt itself to a civilization which tends more and more to make very early marriages impossible except to the favoured few; while, at the same time, the increased freedom of modern manners throws the sexes more together, and allows of greater intimacy in their intercourse. If this intimacy is not suffered to take the form of friendship, if it is to be restricted to polite generalities, and never permitted to wander beyond the region of unmeaning compliments and equally unmeaning disclaimers, the influence of women over men will be simply injurious. Instead of making either better, it will only make both more frivolous; and in proportion as the deeper and more serious feelings are thus excluded from ordinary life, they will either make irregular channels for themselves or else die out altogether. People who never venture below the surface must end by becoming superficial. Again, there is a change in the tone of men's friendships for one another which points in the same direction. They are not less firm or less lasting than they were some generations back, but they are less unreserved and less affectionate. Language which, in the age of Elizabeth, was habitually used of and to men has now been so long used only of and to women that its original employment strikes us, even in the literature of the time, as something forced and unnatural. No man could speak to a friend now as Shakspeare or Sidney might have spoken to one. And the character of our confidences to our

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friends has undergone a corresponding change. We are not less sure of their sympathy, but we neither expect nor desire to have it put into words, and therefore we instinctively avoid giving the least excuse for its expression. Even the very terminology of our avowals is significant. Our every-day talk would not fall so naturally into slang if it were not that slang favours the reticence in which modern sensitiveness loves to cloak itself. We are not reticent with women, and therefore with women we have no need to talk slang. When Clive Newcome pours out his passion for Ethel to Arthur Pendennis, all that he can say is "Oh, Pen! I'm up another tree now." Mr. Thackeray has not recorded the terms of Pendennis's answer, but we have little doubt it was either "Hard lines for you, Clive," or perhaps, with a shade more of pathos, "It must be an awful nuisance." Probably, when Clive talked to Laura, the language of both was less symbolical, and though Mrs. Pendennis is not exactly an ideal confidant, we have no doubt she made a far better one than her husband. And let no one underrate this simple receptiveness, or think the faculty of listening heartily an unimportant one. At all events, Lord Bacon did not despise it when he described a friend as one "to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shift or confession," and placed "the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart which passions of all kinds do cause and induce" among the "principal fruits" of friendship.

The objection most commonly urged against friendships between the sexes is, in effect, that they are not what they profess to be. "Young men and women never stop at friendship," it is said; "they always end by falling in love." A very obvious way of meeting this objection is to be found in the formula, "Well, what then?" Supposing that the friends do end by falling in love, where is the harm of it? After all, friendship is not a bad stepping-stone to a warmer feeling. There are people, indeed, who seem to think that any long intimacy between lovers is a positive evil—that the less they know of each other before they are engaged, and the less time they have to get to know each other after they are engaged, the better for all parties. But it is at least an open question whether friendship, and all that friendship implies—intimacy, esteem, affection, knowledge of each other's characters, sympathy with each other's tastes, a share in each other's pursuits—is not a better preparation for marriage than an acquaintanceship in which the introduction is effected at a dinner-party, and the proposal made at a picnic, while the intervening intercourse consists of three balls, a kettle-drum, and a flower-show. Nor is there any conclusive evidence that friendships of this kind tend, necessarily and inevitably, to falling in love. Occasionally, it must be admitted, they do end in this way. The frontier line between sentiment and passion is sometimes so faintly traced that it is hardly recognised until it has been fairly crossed. And at present the rarity of the relationship, the difficulties which are often thrown in the way of its continuance, the discouragement it usually meets with, the very excuses which are put forward to explain it, all tend to increase the probability of such a termination. Still, in spite of all these opposing influences, instances to the contrary are not very infrequent; and that they should be met with at all, when so little favoured by external circumstances, is no slight proof of their inherent vitality. They occur oftener perhaps in the case of cousins, between whom there is often the warmest and most affectionate intercourse, without a thought of any further connexion. And yet, so far as the chances of marriage are concerned, friendships between cousins stand on exactly the same footing as friendships between strangers in blood. Both may lead to marriage, both sometimes do lead to marriage, and in this respect, at least, an objection which is valid against the one is equally valid against the other.

Some persons, however, may be disposed to question the benefit of such relations, even if the danger of their transmutation into a stronger feeling is admitted to be exaggerated or imaginary. Will not the tendency of increased intimacy between the sexes be to make women masculine? The best antidote to this fear will be to keep in mind the foundation on which such a relationship is based. We have seen that women cannot find their friends among themselves, because they cannot supply one necessary requisite of all real friendship; and any attempt on their part to divest themselves of their distinctive feminine characteristics would consequently involve the sacrifice of that very diversity of character which difference of sex was expected to secure. Men who seek in their friends the complement of themselves are not likely to look for them among "strong-minded" women, who have forgotten that it is on their sex that every-day life depends for almost all it has of grace or beauty; or among fast young ladies, whose highest aim is to reproduce, as exactly as fashion (and a little more exactly than propriety) will allow, the most ephemeral and superficial characteristics of their male acquaintance. But, on the other hand, there is no greater mistake than to assume that to be womanly and to be frivolous are simply exchangeable ideas. A girl will be none the less feminine because she has some serious interests in life, none the less graceful because her tastes have a wider range than mere schoolroom accomplishments, none the less attractive because she sympathizes, and to some extent shares, in pursuits of a graver kind. To make her a pleasant partner at a ball or a pleasant companion at a dinner-table, it is not necessary that either of these duties should have occupied all her thoughts since the moment the invitation was accepted. Men are not considered un-

suitable for society, or unable to bear their part in conversation, because their education has had a wider aim than merely to prepare them for the drawing-room. Small talkers have no monopoly of small talk. And, in like manner, the hours a young lady spends over history or science will give purpose and interest to her mornings without in the least degree unfitting her for the ornamental functions of the evening.

A possible exposure to misrepresentation and unjust criticism is a more formidable obstacle than any we have mentioned. Women cannot disregard social opinion, even when it is irrational; and if friendships between the sexes were likely to be "talked about," it would be useless to say anything in their favour. The persons who are best fitted for them would be just those who would most certainly hold themselves aloof from them. But in this respect the world gets rather hard measure. It is often charged with being censorious, when, in reality, it is only impatient of absurdity. People who are talked about commonly deserve what they get. They may not be chargeable with any serious error, they may be wholly innocent of any bad intention, but they have been foolish, and their folly has met with its reward. In nine cases out of ten, where appearances are much against a woman, it is her own fault that they have become so. The occasion of scandal is usually furnished, in the first instance, by the victims of it; and a little common sense on their part would have proved an effectual barrier against mischief-makers. But people who respect themselves generally find that they have set the fashion of being respected, and a certain amount of decision in dealing with public opinion is often the surest way to conciliate it. The world is so far like heaven that it admits of being taken by storm; it has so much of the nettle in it that it is safest to grasp it firmly. A friendship which is avowed without being obtrusive, and independent without being affected, which neither courts secrecy nor cares to thrust itself into notice, will never be likely to provoke any injurious comments. At the worst, it is very doubtful whether a score of such intimacies will give half the opportunities for scandal and misunderstanding which are often afforded by one "innocent" flirtation. At all events, we recommend this question to our readers as likely to furnish them with inexhaustible material for a whole season of croquet-ground discussions.

#### MEDIEVAL LATIN.

FOLLOWING up the line of thought which we opened last week in an article headed "Language and Scholarship," we will now try to set forth the peculiar position occupied by the Latin language in the middle ages. It is one which seems altogether peculiar to itself; it certainly has no exact parallel either in the ancient world or in our own times. Greek, Arabic, Persian, and French have been, and indeed still are, languages very extensively used by persons to whom they have not been native; yet none of them has filled exactly the same place which Latin formerly filled in Western Europe. Greek, in the later classical times, filled much the same place as French fills in modern Europe. It was the language of general intercourse, the language which every educated man spoke, the natural means of communication between two men ignorant of each other's native tongue. The chief captain at Jerusalem asks St. Paul if he can speak Greek; he cannot himself speak Hebrew, and he does not expect that his prisoner can speak Latin; Greek suggests itself as the natural tongue for them both to have in common. It is obvious how close the parallel is to French in our own day; under the same circumstances now, we should try French just as Claudius Lysias tried Greek. Nor does it make any difference that Greek was probably Lysias' native tongue. As an officer in the Roman army he must have understood Latin also, but Greek, and not Latin, occurs to him as the proper language to try with a stranger. The Greek language to this day retains this same sort of position in a much narrower range; it is still used to some extent as a means of communication between people neither of whom use it as their native tongue. Arabic, Persian, and doubtless other less known languages, fill, or have filled, the same position in other parts of the world. Latin too itself filled it for some ages in the Western Empire. But the exact position which Latin acquired at a somewhat later time is quite distinct, and is, as far as we know, peculiar to itself.

In all the other cases, the language which is used as the common means of communion among different nations is still itself the native language of some one among them. Greek and French, in their several times and places, have been spoken by many people who have learned them as foreign languages; but there have been many other people who have spoken them as their mother tongues. Latin was in this position as long as anything which could be called Latin was the native language of anybody; that is, till it was clearly understood that Italian, Provençal, Spanish, and French were really distinct languages. We may be sure that Gregory the Great and Gregory of Tours did not talk exactly the same Latin as they wrote. Still, the difference was between worse Latin and better; no one would say that they spoke one language and wrote another. Of course in so saying we in no way decide the question whether the Romance dialects do not contain distinct Italian elements as old as anything in Latin, or older. Whether this be so or not, the *lingua rustica* which probably influenced the spoken tongue of both Gregories was in their eyes simply bad Latin. It was not a distinct language, but a vulgar dialect, whose peculiarities are to

be avoided in polite composition, just as, in writing English now, we do not, at least consciously, introduce the local peculiarities of our several counties. Thus, when the Gospel was first preached to Englishmen, Latin was a foreign tongue in Britain, but it was not a foreign tongue in Italy or even in Gaul. In Italy it was still—allowing for what we above hinted about *lingua rustica*—the general language; in Gaul it was still—with the same conditions—the language of a part of the people, spoken alongside of the German of the invading Franks. Gradually the spoken and the written tongue of the Romance countries diverged. Latin, the written language, was found to be unintelligible without special study; at last it was found that the spoken language was worth cultivating as a distinct tongue, and men began to write in the Italian or Provençal dialect which they naturally talked. Latin had now achieved its peculiar position. It was the universal language of Western Europe, the one tongue used everywhere for many most important purposes, but it was no longer the native language of anybody. It was a foreign, at least an unintelligible, language in Italy and Gaul, no less than in England and Germany. No doubt there was still a considerable difference between a Romance and a Teutonic country. No doubt an Italian learned Latin more readily than a Frenchman, and a Frenchman more readily than a German. Still, all had to learn it; it was not the tongue which came by nature to any of them.

This, then, is the peculiar position of mediæval Latin; it was a universal means of intercommunication between nations none of whom spoke it as their native tongue. Here is one main difference between the position of Latin in these times and the earlier position of Greek or the later position of French. There were large classes of men to whom Latin was all but a native tongue, still it was not a native tongue. They learned it early; they used it familiarly; they wrote it and spoke it and thought in it; still, they all of them had consciously learned it as a lesson; it was not the tongue which any of them had unconsciously learned from his mother or his nurse. Greek, on the other hand, in its own age, just like French now, was the natural tongue of one contemporary nation, adopted for certain purposes by other nations. Another main difference is that Latin was in the middle ages much more than a language of intercommunication between different nations; it was the language of official and learned intercourse even between men of the same nation. Neither Greek nor French ever attained this position except in a very imperfect degree. Greek was, indeed, at one time the fashionable literary language of Rome, and French has, in some times and places, pretty nearly displaced German or Russian in mouths where German or Russian was the speech designed by nature. But there was no time in ancient history when Greek, no time in modern history when French, had so completely displaced the native languages as written tongues as Latin did for some centuries. Perhaps the predominance of French in some countries may have been equal in extent, but it was different in kind. French, like Greek of old, where it was most prevalent, did not become the official language. Latin, in mediæval times, was nowhere the language of ordinary polite society. Latin was, in short, a language which was nobody's native tongue, which only a particular class in any country understood, which was nowhere either the polite or the popular speech, but which was everywhere the universal medium of all serious composition—the language of religious worship, of legislation, of history, of science, and of official correspondence. We do not know that this exact position has ever been attained by any other language in any other time or place.

The contemporary position of Greek is worth comparing with that of Latin, as it is in some respects analogous, though the analogy breaks down after a while. It is manifest at the first blush that Greek, the ecclesiastical and literary language of the Eastern Empire, answers to Latin, the ecclesiastical and literary language of the Western Empire. A little thought shows further that the relation of the Slavonic nations towards the Eastern Church and Empire is in many respects analogous to the relation of the Teutonic nations towards the Western Church and Empire. The Slaves in the East, like the Teutons in the West, were half disciples, half conquerors. But there are some important differences in the two cases. Greek never became the language of the Eastern Church in the sense in which Latin became the language of the Western. Greek was not pressed upon the Slaves as the language of divine worship in the way that Latin was pressed upon the Teutons. Therefore Greek—we are speaking of Byzantine times—never obtained the same currency among nations to whom it was not a native tongue which Latin obtained in the West. And though the spoken and the written Greek greatly diverged, though the relation between ancient and modern Greek is really analogous to the relation between Latin and the Romance languages, yet two circumstances combined to hinder the change from being so clearly felt in the East as in the West. First, though the change is the same in kind, it is hardly the same in degree. Even a Klephtic song has hardly departed so far from old Greek as modern French has from Latin. And, while the Empire lasted, even the vulgar speech of Constantinople and Thessalonica cannot have departed so completely from the Greek tongue which still was written. Liudprand clearly learned his Greek by ear and not from books, but his Greek is very fair Greek in everything but the spelling. Again, Greek gave birth to one modern language only, while Latin gave birth to at least four. Latin thus became the common literary tongue of several nations whose spoken tongues were no longer mutually intelligible. Both

these causes combined to give Latin the character of a language distinct from French, or even Italian, in a way in which ancient Greek was not felt to be distinct from Romaic. The difference was not so great in itself, and it was not forced upon the attention by the existence of several cognate but distinct popular languages. In the East, men spoke and wrote differently, but the difference was felt to be only that between an old and a new, a polite and a vulgar, form of the same language. In the Romance West, men spoke four distinct languages, and wrote in a fifth common to all.

This peculiar position of Latin during the middle ages gives the Latin of those times a character of its own. It differs somewhat from either a living or a dead language. Latin was to the educated men of those days something far more familiar than it is to the most accomplished scholar now. Such a scholar may despise the Latin of those times as departing from the standard which he himself sets up; but he cannot deny that the men of those times used their imperfect instrument with far greater ease than he can use his more perfect one. It was all but a native language; it was the tongue which they habitually wrote, and which they on many occasions spoke. They therefore used it with nearly the same freedom with which they used their native languages. It was thereby laid open to many of the influences to which a living and spoken language must lie open—to changes from time to time, to the introduction of foreign words and foreign idioms. It was not, indeed, liable to developments or corruptions of this kind in the same degree as an actually native language; still, it is clear that it was liable to changes which are essentially the same in kind. The instrument was far too familiar to those who used it for them to tie themselves down by the artificial laws which are imposed by modern scholars. On the other hand, though Latin was to a mediæval scholar all but his native language, it was not quite his native language. He had, after all, learned it as a lesson. He knew that there were earlier times whose language was looked on as purer, and whose writers were looked on as better, than the language and the writers of his own time. He was therefore constantly tempted to imitation in a way in which a man is not tempted when writing his own language. Nor is his imitation of exactly the same kind as the imitation of classical models by a modern Latin scholar. The Latin compositions of such a scholar are mere amusements, mere feats of ingenuity; a perfect reproduction of a past model is the very thing that is aimed at. Such compositions have no sort of reference to the serious business of life; they do not even seriously affect a man's literary position, which must be mainly fixed by compositions in his own language. But when a mediæval writer attempted to imitate classical models, his every-day familiarity with the language was of itself enough to keep him back from that perfectly successful imitation to which a modern scholar often attains. His attempt seldom got further than to lead him into an artificial and affected style of writing, and that, not in trifling exercises of skill, but in compositions affecting the most serious concerns of life. This particular degree of approach, perhaps the most unsatisfactory of any, could hardly happen either in a tongue which was altogether dead or in one which was altogether living.

We occasionally come across mediæval Latin which is strictly "bad"—barbarous in vocabulary and ungrammatical in construction. But this is never the case with mediæval historians of any repute. The most satisfactory writers are those who are neither barbarous nor classical—who write simply, fluently, and of course grammatically, in the Latin of their own age. To these the student soon gets reconciled, while he always remains offended alike by mere barbarism on the one hand, and by a vain attempt at classical diction on the other. Such Latin may almost be looked upon as a distinct language, entitled to be judged by its own standard and not by that of another age. This independent position of mediæval Latin comes out most strongly in mediæval Latin poetry. The attempts at classical metres—hexameters, elegiacs, sapphics, or what not—are simply contemptible. Most of them are very bad; the best are not so good as hundreds of verses that are every day turned out to order in any of our public schools. And, if any of them chance to be equally good, they are after all only imitations of an imitation. But there is a mediæval Latin poetry of a very different kind from this—a poetry with its own diction and its own metres, metres apparently handed down from the most truly Roman times of all, the days before Latin poetry had become a mere feeble echo of Greek. No greater contrast can be conceived than between those among the ecclesiastical hymns which stick to their grand and simple iambic and trochaic rhythms, and those which attempt an utterly vain reproduction of the metres of Horace. We remember, too, long ago, when reviewing Mr. Dimock's first Life of St. Hugh, pointing out the vigour and elasticity of the mediæval Saturnian metre, capable as it is alike of a high degree of sublimity and of a still higher degree of humour. These rhyming Latin metres must not be judged by a classical balance; they must stand or fall by a standard of their own. Virgil and Horace would doubtless have despised them, but we suspect that the Camæne who wept over the tomb of Nævius would have recognised them as the lawful offspring of their inspiration.

#### OUR HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

SOME grace, or at least propriety of form, some harmony of colour, and some glance and shimmer of light, in the things near us and surrounding us, are one and all necessary, not only for the



happiness, but for the respectability of humanity. The ascetic who excludes them from his cell sees them in vision; the prisoner who wholly misses them in his dungeon is less human for the privation. This being so, the difficulty is how to reconcile with our sense of justice the enormous disparity which exists between different ranks and classes in their power of providing themselves with these indispensable requirements. If poverty and scanty means and unfriendly circumstances stand in the way of their easy and liberal indulgence, surely these must be moral evils and direct causes of imperfection. If form, and light, and colour are necessary conditions of more than material happiness—if they cultivate, refine, and humanize—what is to become of the masses who have so few of these influences within reach? This light and beauty some men are born to as an inheritance. The proverbial silver spoon typifies their good fortune. Some snatch a full feast at intervals amidst new and strange scenes, mountain ranges, snowy peaks, gleaming lakes, harmonious distances, or in the splendour of cities, theatres, pictures, statues; some are brought in contact with beauty casually in the movements of daily life, in noble churches, illuminated streets, gay markets. Healthful and adventurous youth, whatever its class, brings itself in some way in contact with light, colour, and what at least it deems beautiful form. But there are multitudes, larger perhaps than all these classes united, whose lot it is never to see the beauties of nature, or the glories of art, or the graceful combinations of man's grouping—whose lives are solitary, or restricted to a routine of mechanical labour, who live in dull streets amid the disturbing confusion of machinery, who never see a river, or a green field, or an unbroken horizon, who know nothing of sunsets or dawns, or the lights and shades of graceful architecture. How do such people sustain in themselves the idea of beauty without which taste dies, and happiness with it? What have they instead of parks, lakes, fountains, and gardens, gilding, hangings, mirrors, wax lights, diamonds, picturesque distances, soft smooth surfaces, and all the crowning effects of form, light, and colour? With vast numbers, all their share of these good things, or rather of the properties that make them good, is centred within the narrow range of four walls. The shine and glitter that the eye hungers for, the colour, softness, and harmony that are necessary for peace of mind and growth of thought, are to be made out of materials inconceivably poor and seemingly inadequate, though rendered sufficient for their purpose under the mysterious influence of labour and possession. It is in the houses of the poor, the straightened, the sick, the solitary, the commonplace, the old, that we learn what in modern phrase we will call the "mission" of furniture and household chattels, and the mighty part they have to play in educating and elevating their possessors.

A writer of religious novels has given it as his opinion that the ideal Christian must possess landed property—that the whole man cannot be developed, nor self-denial cultivated with sufficient severity, without the exercise supplied by a large estate for every faculty and every grace. Considering the earth's very limited surface, and therefore the small number that can be trained heavenwards by this method, 'it is consolatory to observe to how many persons a floor of twelve feet square supplies an analogous field, and constitutes this indispensable estate—to woman directly, and to man through her instrumentality. There is indeed something infinitely soothing, when we are perplexed by the inequalities of fortune, in witnessing the moral effect that the possession of and control over creditable household goods will produce, and in noting how the charge of a few chairs, tables, chests of drawers, and bedsteads will supply to the active, notable feminine organization all that is needed to develop character and stimulate exertion, to infuse the sense of weight and importance, to promote self-denial, to impart a sense of responsibility, and to cultivate taste. And all this is mainly effected by care and labour to elicit from these unpromising materials those qualities of light, order, and colour which we have stated to be necessary to man's well-being. Happily, the feeling of ownership is strongest under the immediate survey of the senses, and the things always under the eye, always within the grasp, always subject to treatment, are property in a stricter meaning than can attach to any one of a rich man's countless possessions; while the beauty that men develop for themselves has a power, in its constant presence, which does not belong to the superfluities of the amply endowed.

We take the poor as an illustration of the happy influence of possession, and the duties of possession, in reconciling people to a limited share of this world's splendours, or rather in supplying them with the sense of beauty at a cheap rate. But the same effects are observed wherever the field of observation is contracted by circumstances; and since women have, as a rule, a narrower range than men, and much that is beautiful is cut off from them, whether as a daily indulgence or as a hope—for while the man travels the woman stays at home, while he labours in fields, in cities, on the sea, she keeps house—it is in them that we see the most usual and natural examples of what we mean. It is only the superficial or the cynical who will despise the relations of the respectable female mind towards her own household effects. The thing is no doubt a mystery; it takes us sometimes by surprise; but the explanation lies, not in the frivolity of woman's nature, but in universal needs which are cut off from gratification elsewhere. We doubt whether even angelic foresight could have looked for this state of things in a world thrown open to the dominion and conquest of such a race as man—whether it could have anticipated that, even for the humblest, such scanty crumbs from the great banquet should furnish constant occupation for thought and action, that a few homely

chattels should impart a sense of proud satisfaction and be contentedly accepted as a work and responsibility. We are tempted to wonder how it is that so much interest can be got out of them—such transitions of pain and pleasure, such exaltations and depressions, such life-long illusions. We respect the imagination which can invest moveables with life, which can establish an actual communion of mind with inanimate things; and we admire the effect on eye and feeling that can be drawn out of them. We own the whole to be productive of the most beneficial results; we see that this temper tends to the stability of households, to the rise of families to decency and order, not only external but fundamental; but in the abstract it is strange, and, in fact, needs some such mode of accounting for it as we are suggesting. The man who makes furniture an especial interest has to prove himself singular and cut off from the natural recreations of his class before we can respect his hobby. Whatever his success, the effect upon the observer is in no way elevating. It is when we see taste cultivated under difficulties, the mind impressing itself on untoward materials, some quaint show of harmony, grace, and brightness brought about by a need for order and beauty which can be indulged no other way, that we admire. It is not for their picturesqueness only, but for ideas and associations such as those, that the household furnishings of the poor may become fit subjects for the painter's art. Artists may study antique cabinets, costly gildings, or carved oak for a special purpose, but surely nothing in the long run rises so little above mere soulless upholstery work as the groupings from Wardour Street that have in their day covered so much canvas. Nevertheless, the effects we admire are real, and vigilant care produces delightful results that are not due only to our moral approval. There is no brightness either of light or colour more in harmony with our human feeling than that which gleams from articles of homely necessity elevated into beauty by the hand that tends them—from iron, tin, and copper polished into the preciousness of silver, gold, and steel. There are no tints more charming than brick and hearth-stone, and many-pieced coverlets, rich-toned earthenware, and solid wood rubbed and dusted into colour and brightness; while there is no taste that so touches our sympathy, no labour so graceful, as that which has made a home and created a veritable oasis in contrast with the dust and dreariness, it may be, of the outside world. The appraiser's valuation has nothing to do with the worth of such effects as these. They constitute to the owner and part creator of them a right to feel herself somebody; they are, to all intents and purposes, wealth.

Though no furnishings can have a favourable moral influence that are not good of their kind and adapted to their purpose, yet mere utility is by no means their highest moral end. Indeed, to have the value we have assigned to them, usefulness must not be too rudely or unscrupulously enforced. The furniture which raises its owner in the scale of being is treated with respect; there is an acknowledged reciprocity of duty and obligation. We are not sure but that indications of this sense of duty in the proprietor are necessary to an honest pleasure in such things, even to the looker-on. The rich hangings and luxurious appointments of club houses and French hotels certainly fail to excite the ideas we attach to some persons' surroundings, let the form and colour be as pleasing, or the glitter as exhilarating, as skill can make them. Of course this sense of duty is easily exaggerated. When the servant becomes the master, the consequences are sufficiently irritating. The reader will recall Tom Tulliver's indignant feet wrapped in cloths that they might not soil Miss Pullet's hearth, the bright stairs that risked the necks of those who ascended them, the carpets which no occasion was good enough to bring into use, the pokers and scrapers that did their duty by deputy. But young imaginations learn something even from this fanatical respect, and children who are taught no regard for even the drawing-room's soft brightness and graceful order lose a very important training in reverence and manners. A more extended sense of possession soon dispels the mystic part of the sentiment, as it is desirable it should. We point out household effects, and the care of them, as supplying multitudes with the means of a certain necessary moral training and happiness that are not furnished any other way.

While furniture, as representing the pleasures and duties of property, has always met high appreciation, there certainly has been, in all times, a jealousy of every new luxury which contributed to mere personal ease. Even Shakespeare has a sneer at easy chairs, as where he represents purdy Insolence in terrified fright, while

Breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease.

He delights to describe objects of splendour and *virtù*, and, we cannot doubt, knew how to make himself comfortable; but his was an age of housewives, and was full of the respects we attribute to certain classes among ourselves. Even now, when we have learned to regard such feelings as prejudices, our sentiment is regulated rather by the old standard than the modern one. Associations of mere ease cannot attach us if that ease has been inglorious. We like those things which have aided our work, or rested us after it. We do not willingly separate ourselves from tables, secretaries, pigeon-holes, drawers, well-arranged shelves amongst which we have worked and thought. They have a positive control and influence over us. It is well, we think, for everybody to establish personal relations with the combination of wood and horsehair, wool and silk, without which, in

our day and climate, home cannot be. Those who leave all to the upholsterer miss an opportunity of stamping themselves, as it were, upon dead matter, and imparting a kind of life to it. The man who, from no necessity, sells off his "effects" by auction, has cast away an anchor, and advertises his own tendency to disband and break loose along with the dispersion of his movables. But furniture, to win the heart of its owner, must represent the age as well as the man. We have no faith in the attaching qualities of things chosen on consciously æsthetic principles as suiting our favourite architecture or our hobbies. Nobody can give his heart to what is cumbersome or fantastic except through the ties of long association. Nobody, for example, can be on more than the coldest visiting terms with a laboriously collected museum of lumbering carved oak. The subtle influences of these things must reach the mind through the body, not contrariwise. The notion of being at ease and at home with our furniture is not the first nor the most natural one; and while this is the one field for the cultivation of taste, it cannot be treated with absolute familiarity. However, the tendency to be comfortable, and facilities for looking about us, are reaching all ranks, and before long even the cottage housewife will have discovered other uses for her one armchair than to rub it into a more flattering reflector than her looking-glass. The manufacturers of cheap ornaments are already repining at the influence of excursion-trains, which, as they allege, make women care nothing for the adornment of their homes; and, of course, it is nothing to these huxters that the decay of their trade is due to the opening of a wider field of beauty to their customers, or that nature, even as seen from an excursion-train, teaches a refinement beyond the art of their most staring owls and their gaudiest Highlanders. Altogether we might begin to despond of our age, as given up to mere personal indulgence, but for a consideration or two. One is, that a fussy, striving generation like ours must have periods of more deliberate, not to say abandoned, repose than where the business of life is taken more easily. Another is, that after all we may plead a mere change in our times of ease and habits of luxury. When men sat upon hard stools they slept upon feather-beds, as the poor do still when they have them. Even Ariosto's untiring heroes tossed upon *le piume* at night. Now-a-days, if we lounge in public, if we recline our lengths on down cushions in the drawing-room, we at least sleep severely on mattresses, and so may face the reproofs of our forefathers with the hope of still holding our own.

#### THE BANTING SYSTEM.

It is, perhaps, difficult to say whether the real evils incident to obesity or its ridiculous results are most felt by those who are afflicted with it. Falstaff's lament was, not that he was shortwinded, or that his sight and hearing failed, or that he suffered from symptoms of interrupted circulation, but that "men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me; I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before them like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one." And, indeed, this "oily rascal," this "gross fat man," as the Prince calls him—this "huge hill of flesh," whose "pelly was all putter," as the Welsh parson said, and whose fear was that they would "melt him out of his fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots" with him—was very considerably jeered and taunted by the "king of courtesy," "the sweet wag," and his other friends and neighbours. What sarcasm, we may add, ever rankled in the mind of our last George so severe as that implied in the well-known inquiry of Beau Brummell? And what would not a man do or endure to avoid being so much "out of all compass" as, during his lifetime, to be incapacitated from seeing his own knees, to be obliged to have a semicircle of the dinner-table excised in front of him, and after departure from this life to require a coffin as large as an ordinary hearse, so that his house has to be half destroyed in order to remove his corpse—as in the case of the celebrated Mr. Bright of Worcester, and others? How un-pleasantly, again, is the portrait of Mr. Daniel Lambert of Leicester, now visible to the pedestrian over the tavern door on his left hand as he ascends Ludgate Hill! Such cases are, we are thankful to say, very rare in our days, and, on counting heads in one of our public thoroughfares, we have been struck by the paucity of people whose fatness was obviously either an actual inconvenience or an eyesore. Much more frequently have we had occasion to reflect that leanness and atrophy is the prevailing fault, and that the passers-by resemble Philotas, who was so light that he was only prevented being blown away by having lead attached to his feet. The tendency to fatness is, however, of very frequent occurrence, and brings with it a train of grievances sufficiently positive to indicate what a disaster gross obesity must be. We are not about to demonstrate in detail what those grievances are; it is sufficient to remark that all the vital organs may become impaired by over-accumulation of fat in and near to them, and their functions be proportionally interfered with. Especially grave in their consequences are the diseases of the structure of the heart, and of the blood-vessels of the brain, which are contingent upon this fatty tendency; and well may those who are constitutionally liable to this affliction seek to anticipate or to correct it.

That the urgency for doing this is felt pretty widely appears from the almost universal interest taken in the brochure of Mr. Banting on corpulence, addressed *ad populum*, which has been distributed broadcast through the country, and has now reached a third edition.

This opusculum has been the town-talk, more or less, ever since the notice which we gave of it in our impression of December 5, 1863. Whether among the flower of our nobility, or the "Guards" at Aldershot, or the clerks of Cockneydom, the "doing Banting" in one form or another has for the nonce become a matter of daily and hourly duty—the prescribed method either being gone into thoroughly and in earnest by those who are grievously tormented with the demon of obesity, or only adopted to a very limited extent as a sort of fashionable pastime. Indeed, we have, on the one hand, heard stories of a lady whose self-treatment on the so-called Banting system consists in nothing more nor less than in adding half a pound of Robb's biscuits to each customary meal; whilst, on the other hand, we are familiar with the case of a gentleman who for some time has reduced his weight by rule of diet at the rate of two pounds per week. This dietary system, wisely or unwisely, has of late become the rage, but of course its success or expediency must depend upon the circumstances of each individual instance in which it is resorted to, and upon the completeness and discretion with which the injunctions are carried out. We propose to draw attention to its *rationale*, and to consider whether such a *modus medendi* is in all respects desirable, and such a departure from accustomed dieting safe. The light in which this subject ought to be approached is, of necessity, that afforded by our knowledge of physiology; and as the whole inquiry constitutes one of the most interesting chapters of that science, a full and perfect understanding of what is ascertained about it would involve nothing less than a lengthy essay on digestion, assimilation, nutrition, and secretion. We shall not, however, attempt more, as a preliminary to further remarks, than to sketch a very rough and general, but at the same time practical, outline of such animal processes as are comprehended in the natural storing up of fat in the human body, the undue accumulation of which constitutes obesity or corpulence.

It will be readily understood that the soft tissues or parts of the body (and it is the same with the blood, which, from its chemical characteristics and purposes, has been appropriately termed *la chair coulante*) are of a very compound nature, and differ materially from each other in a chemical point of view. The muscular tissue—or, as it is called, the flesh—mixed up with blood-vessels and nerves and a certain proportion of fat, contains in the greatest degree, and a few other tissues in a smaller degree, as their chief ingredient, the nitrogenous elements of the body; whilst in the fatty or adipose tissues we have the carbonaceous and hydrogenous elements. We here make no account of the mineral elements which in various combinations play so active a part (as salts, &c.) in the animal economy; and we say nothing of the oxygen which enters into close affinities with, perhaps, all the elements of the body sooner or later, or of the water so universally mixed with every kind of food, and so necessary for the performance of all vital operations.

Correspondently, we find that the food allotted to the service of the body is compound (independently of the water and certain inorganic substances, salts, &c., mixed with it), and consists of two great classes or groups to be found equally, though not in the same degree, in animal and in vegetable food. First, we have that which is destined especially, though not exclusively, for the formation and renewal or repair of the nitrogenous parts of the body before described (blood, muscular fibre, and tissues of various organs), and which contains mainly nitrogen in close compact and union with other elements, under the form of fibrine, gelatine, albumen, caseine, and gluten. This class is often designated the "nutritive," or "sanguigenous," or "plastic," or "conservative," or, from the fact of its containing sulphur, nitrogeno-sulphurized class of food. And, secondly, we have that which subserves pre-eminently the formation and renewal of the fatty or adipose components of the body, containing, therefore, mainly hydrogen and carbon. This class of aliments—inasmuch as the heat of the body is produced and maintained by the combination or chemical union which occurs in all its parts between the oxygen drawn from the air by the act of respiration and taken into the blood on the one hand, and so large a portion of carbon on the other—is often termed the "calorific" or "respiratory" class, as especially containing, though not exclusively so, materials for respiration and production of heat. And here it may be interesting to observe that the amount of heat daily produced in the body of a full-grown man is sufficient, in the course of one year, to heat from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds of water from the freezing to the boiling point.

Of these two classes of food, our attention must be now confined to the second—that, namely, which includes the carbonaceous and hydrogenous elements. Now, what are the articles of food by the intervention of which these non-nitrogenous factors are supplied to the blood by means of the stomach? Mutton, beef, and "meat" of all kinds do not, of course, constitute the staple of such, inasmuch as, although muscular fibre can hardly be divested of fatty admixture, these are almost exclusively nitrogenous in their nature (dried muscle containing 70 per cent. of fibrine); but they are the "oleaginous," including oil, butter, cream, &c., and what are denominated the "saccharine" kinds of food. The latter species includes not only sugars of various kinds, but starches, gums, vinegar, &c.—substances which, differing remarkably in outward sensible characters and qualities, are nevertheless merely combinations of carbon with varying proportions of water, readily merge into each other, and are all capable, in a chemical sense, of being converted into fat by the means of organic agents. It may here be remarked, however, that sufficient reason exists for asserting that, under certain circumstances, fat may also be produced in the body by the conversion of the plastic or nitrogenous



elements of food, which may serve the purposes of the economy in the absence of, or in addition to, the oleaginous, saccharine, or amylaceous foods.

The above short statement may be received as a summary of what is now known of the relationship which exists between the different component parts of our bodies and the various kinds of our food, so far at least as regards our present purpose; and it will at once be seen that, in proportion as we take into the system element of the oleaginous or saccharine or amylaceous nature, we shall so far be favouring the liability to fatness. These kinds of food, though possibly conducive in some way and to some extent to real nutrition of tissues, after being subjected to certain chemical actions in the stomach and bowels by the instrumentality of diverse concoctive juices, are conveyed into the circulating blood for the purpose of meeting with and, so to say, antagonizing or equalizing the effects of the all-pervading oxygen, and thus, by union with it, of producing heat—a principle so necessary for the working out of chemical changes in the body, the formation of tissues, the production of muscular action, and the counteraction of the destructive influences of external cold. In a healthy and vigorous adult, the amount of these combustible materials is duly proportioned and adjusted to the amount of oxygen brought into contact with the blood through the lungs—i.e. is proportionate to the amount of respiration. But if they are introduced into the blood in too large a quantity, or if the quantum of oxygen inhaled be too small, then these elements of food are imperfectly oxidized, or not completely split up and transmuted into water and carbonic acid as they ought to be, but are deposited in the various cellular parts of the body as fat, or, forming fresh compounds which remain in the blood, become the immediate causes of other and serious diseases. Practical illustrations of this, not to adduce familiar instances from our farms and dairies, are afforded by the artificial and peculiar way in which geese are crammed for the production of that disease the "foie gras"; also by the manner in which the fattening of the ortolan is brought about. For this bird, which in its natural state only feeds at sunrise, being kept in a dark room in a state of inactivity, is made to eat several times a day by means of a bright light being shed into its abode, and thus quickly becomes gorged, fatted, and ready for the market. Again, it is well known that, in China and the West Indies, the labourers at particular times of the year increase considerably in size from fatness, owing to their drinking the juice of the sugar-cane; and that in some countries women are artificially fattened, before they enter the connubial condition, by being kept quietly at home and fed upon sweet food. In order, then, that the fatty parts of the organism may be maintained in their healthy proportions, and be neither excessive nor deficient, the amount of in-going non-nitrogenous material or fuel must be regulated by the amount of oxygen admitted into the blood, and by the resultant out-going carbonic acid and water. In other terms, the imports must directly correspond with the exports. This combustible material, after being received by the stomach, must be digested and "reduced" so as to be rendered easy of absorption. Otherwise it cannot be assimilated and admitted with the blood, but will pass down the intestinal canal as extraneous matter; and if this happen, as it often does in certain forms of dyspepsia and other kinds of disease, a tendency to emaciation will arise, even if an excessive amount of food be taken.

But supposing that the oleaginous and the saccharine classes of food have been duly reduced, digested, elaborated, and taken up into the blood from the alimentary canal, if by any reason oxygen is not plentifully admitted by respiration (and we may observe that, independently of disease, the degree of respiration is modified by climate, by the period of the year, the kind of clothing used, and especially by bodily exercise and mental exertion), we then have the fuel unconsumed, and the basis for the production of mental and bodily forces in the economy—that is, the support of vital actions—is circumscribed. Much more is this the case if an inordinate amount of aliment has been offered to the stomach and taken up into the circulating fluid; and of course, as we all differ not merely in outer appearance but also in the various workings of our inner physiological processes, it is only experience which can determine in any individual case what is to be considered the *via media*. One man will attain to fatness when his neighbour, with the same diet and under identical outward circumstances, will remain *in statu quo*, or even become thinner. It may here be stated, as a noteworthy fact that obese people are somewhat exceptional in possessing chests and lungs of inferior capacity to those of others, and therefore as having less breathing power. But, in addition to the mere question of preventing aggregations of fat by regulating the amount of combustible foods according to the amount of oxygen inspired, it must be remembered that the convertibility of these, as of the plastic or nitrogenous foods, may be in some degree determined by the action of other accessory or subsidiary substances. These accessory materials, not acting themselves perhaps as nutriment, or only very slightly so, are technically termed *arresters* or *increasers* of metamorphosis, inasmuch as they not only delay or hasten digestion, properly so called (that is, the converting action of the secretions upon the food in the alimentary canal, preparatory to its appropriation by the blood), but also regulate, forward, or retard those destructive changes or retrograde metamorphoses which are undergone more or less by all the tissues of the frame in the course of those vital actions which they accomplish—changes by which the effete and used-up materials become, so to speak, resolved into new principles, either as excretions to be evacuated by a multitude of channels, or as secretions to be further utilized in the economy.

It has been found that the oleaginous and the saccharine and starchy elements, which are chemically convertible into fat with such facility, are rendered much more fattening if certain portions of alcoholic or fermented stimulant liquids are added to them in the stomach, probably by virtue of their power in tempering the exalting action which the nervous system exercises over destructive metamorphosis. This has of late been plainly demonstrated by experiment, but the circumstance has been long known, as the feeding qualities of ale and porter have been recognised by generations untaught save by experience. In like manner operate other alimentary substances—as tea, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, which, by some virtue or other, modify the waste and decomposition of the body resulting from an insufficient amount of food, or from too great mental and bodily activity, and have thus become so popular with the poor. Again, it is found experimentally that a large consumption of liquids, whatever their nature may be, tends to favour corpulence—that is, the assimilation of non-nitrogenous principles.

On a future occasion we propose to point out to what extent the modern treatment of obesity is a *rational* one; that is, in what sense and degree it is dependent upon the ascertained results of scientific investigations.

#### HO, FOR A SCHOLIAST!

IT appears from a current advertisement in the newspapers under the title "Ho, for a Shakspeare!" that an active poetical competition is at this moment being carried on somewhere, upon some theme, and under some conditions. We may perhaps presume that it bears some reference to the Tercentenary debauch from the effects of which the Shakspearian pulse of the nation is just recovering, and on this presumption we have no remarks to make about it. We do not wish to say that a national competition for a poetical prize is not the best scheme for producing the finest quality of national poetry, or to lay down a rule that prize poems should be strictly confined to their original sphere as a part of university education. But while others cry Ho, for a Shakspeare! with the view of causing a large addition to the stock of English verse which now exists, we may uplift our voice in search of an unambitious but useful article, by the help of which we may be able more easily to read, mark, digest, and understand a great deal of the poetry which is already written and published. So much of modern English verse is either wilfully or undesignedly obscure that readers of average intelligence and ordinary patience are quite justified in falling back upon the last resource of a schoolboy who struggles in vain with the classical languages, and calling—He, for a crib!

We by no means intend to assert that all obscurities in poetry either require or deserve a commentary. Take, for instance, the Tupper obscurity, which may be said to consist in the absolutely colourless limpidity of the Tupper platitude. Tupper is admired because his utterance looks like thought, and because the people who read him like to think that, in following Tupper, they are thinking. But the slightest mental exercise on the part of the reader which is sufficient to throw a light on Tupper's darkness will show him that Tupper is not thinking at all, and that, where he looks at first sight obscure, he is in point of fact unintelligible, merely because he has no meaning to convey. A scholiast in such a case would be of no more use than it would be to construe the cypherings of a lunatic shorthand-writer, or the nonsense verses which a small boy makes, with the help of the gradus, for the sake of the scanning. Even the heartiest of Tupper's admirers would find that he does not bear translation or interpretation, and would prefer simply to contemplate him robed in his own mystic serenity of nonsense. A large class of readers, again, admire poetry which does not look as if it needed thinking about even as much as Tupper. They wish the full meaning of the verse they read or hear to drop into their minds in a moment of pure enjoyment, as a ripe cherry or a roasted lark might pop down into their open mouths from heaven if the world were managed rightly. They cannot bear to read a stanza twice over, or to ask themselves what it comes to. Whether its theme be sentiment or story, the poem must be run straight off the reel and done with, or it is not worth its trouble. It is clear that to this class of readers, and for the kind of literature they affect, the suggestion of a commentary is entirely inapplicable. In their eyes the whole enjoyment of a sonnet would be lost, if a more industrious critic had to assure them that it was easily intelligible if they would only follow the clue. They would ask what is the use of having a native language in which poetry can be written, if native ears and native understanding cannot follow it by instinct when it is written. Words in verse which require weighing and construing may, they would say, be exponents of philosophical thought, but cannot be poetry. If they wanted philosophical instruction, they would rather have it in plain prose, and be obliged to attend only to one thing at a time.

Yet, although there is a large mass of the public which only admires verse of fluent or fluid simplicity, as well as another large mass which admires by preference that mystic obscurity of language which, on analysis, evaporates into nonsense, there is a residue of the public which is willing to find in its poets work for the intellect and imagination as well as amusement for the ear. There are, in short, persons who do genuinely delight in what alone is true poetry, and who repay the art and labour of the poet by a sympathy which impels them to dwell upon his words, and

absorb by steady contemplation and serious thought their whole meaning. It might be too much to say that, without such a class of true worshippers, no progressive poetry would be possible, for a poet endowed with a strong creative impulse might perhaps go on all his life long singing his best thoughts in his best words for himself alone. But it is not unfair to say that the consciousness of such sympathy is so great a reward and support to the poet that he is bound not to disregard the obligations which he contracts by accepting it. A writer who publishes what he knows will be read by those who have studied as deeply and honestly as himself the expressive capacities of the language in which he writes is bound in fairness so to use that instrument as, if possible, to make his meaning no less clear to critical readers than it is to himself. And he is certainly urged by self-interest to do so. Wherever a comment or crib is wanted by the critic which none but the writer can supply, the work of the poet is so far weighed in the critical balance, and found wanting in perfection. The human creator or poet, however great his creative powers may be, is not as the Divine one, who could look at his work, and see absolutely that it was good. That part of the divine office in the completion of human creations belongs to the taste of the true critic, if there be any such thing as truth in critical taste at all. It is his entire acceptance which testifies that the artist has spoken his thought fully and clearly to the hearts of those who were intended to understand him.

The apparent tendency of the best English poetry of this age is to become more and more thoughtful, and more and more condensed in expression. The most absolute grace and neatness of style, the truest simplicity or the most ample majesty of diction, are insufficient to give long life to thinness or poverty of thought. Studies from the antique and sketches from nature may show both carefulness and truth of drawing, but, unless they bear some relation to one or other of the deeper questions which human life or human imagination now and always presents, their acceptance as first-rate works of art will only be temporary. As the machinery of verse-making, like all other machinery, becomes more widely and thoroughly understood, the mind of the reader seeks more directly for something in the verse which is not merely the result of clever mechanism. The merest schoolboy of versatile talent and cultivated ear does not now want Tennyson's original genius to put together a poem that, upon the first blush, may look like a leaf out of *In Memoriam* or the *Idylls of the King*. The very facility of such imitation at once makes the reader more anxious to find the true ring of the genuine metal, and the real poet more careful to weight his words with as much thought as they can properly carry. In this wise it sometimes happens, even with the first class among our poets, that the fulness of thought overbalances the power of expression, and the most persevering and enthusiastic readers are compelled to sigh—"Oh, for a crib!"

Mr. Browning is the one among living English poets in regard of whose words this adjuration is probably put in use most frequently. It is a great pity for his popular reputation, and still more for the width of his influence, that it should be so; for he is one of our noblest poets, and his last volume contains poems which are among the noblest he has ever written. It is disappointing to see that, with powers enlarging and maturing year by year, the old defect of obscurity remains as constant, if not as prominent, as ever. When "*Sordello*" was published, malicious critics averred that the first and last lines—

Who will may hear Sordello's story told,

and

Who would has heard Sordello's story told—

were the only intelligible lines in the poem, and that they contained a statement the reverse of fact. The libel contained a spice of truth at the bottom of its exaggeration, for it was excessively difficult to follow the story of "*Sordello*." Some of the poems which make up *Dramatis Personæ* are full of puzzles as well as of beauty. The finest and most imaginative poem in the whole volume is perhaps the one entitled "*A Death in the Desert*"—the death of St. John the Evangelist. In grandeur of conception, in vividness of scenery, in force of metaphor, in general power of language and argument, and in height of feeling it is admirable. There is true originality and boldness in the scheme which makes the inspired foresight of the dying disciple argue with the scepticism of later ages; and whatever may be the logical cogency of his prophetic refutation of heresy, they are poetically forcible and impressive to a high degree. Thirty octavo pages of English blank verse have rarely contained a greater proportion of fine passages; but the same number of pages has seldom embraced so much obscurity or ambiguity of language. The very authorship of the several portions of the supposed manuscript is a riddle. Did Pamphylax the Antiochene write the main body of it himself, or did Phœbas write it at his dictation? Which of them, or who otherwise, gives the glossa of Theotypas on St. John's doctrine? How did the manuscript come into the possession of the heretic Cerinthus? and who is the "one" that adds the postscript in confutation of the Cerinthian heresy? Not Pamphylax certainly, as he was to fight the beasts on the morrow after he told the tale to Phœbas; yet there is a line in this postscript which as much as says it was, if the words are construed in their plainest and most grammatical meaning. Who is it, again, that dogmatically asserts the perdition of Cerinthus? The owner of the parchment and of the "chosen chest," or some intermediate commentator, or dogmatical history generally? And is it the parchment itself, or the chest in which it is contained, that is

stained and conserved with juice of terebinth, covered with cloth of hair, and lettered Xi? These are all unnecessary doubts which lie upon the outside of the story; but they are typical of the single defect of Mr. Browning's poetry, and they are prophetic of the graver difficulties and doubts of construction and meaning which meet every reader on passing from the vestibule into the body of this particular poem. In portions of it, a philosophical doctrine is worked out with a precision and force of language which could not have been surpassed by Plato. In other portions, a difficult thought or argument is made more difficult by being wrapped up in parentheses, inversions, involutions and evolutions of the sentence as unhappy as those which characterize the prose of most German philosophers. The thought is there, and it is probably clear to Mr. Browning himself; but it is less carefully put upon the paper than it might be. We do not agree with the old country farmer who despised the young rector's sermons because they contained fewer Greek quotations than "t'ould parson's." Believing strongly in the powers of the English language as a clear and pure medium for the full expression of human thought, we long for the most careful clearness of speech in every, and most of all in a poetical sermon.

#### CHINA.

THE disbanding of Colonel Gordon's brigade, and the departure of Sir Frederic Bruce from Peking on leave of absence, seem to mark the close of a short but important period in the history of our relations with China. The last four years have witnessed an entire change in the attitude of the English residents towards the Imperial Government. Up to the long-delayed ratification of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, in October 1860, they had been on the whole disposed to sympathize with the insurgents. The Protestant missionaries had been singularly sanguine as to the religious results of the movement, while the merchants hoped that a form of belief which bore a distorted resemblance to Christianity might at least create in its professors a desire for greater intercourse with Europeans. An intimacy beginning in a community of religious sentiment might be continued from a community of pecuniary interests; and the success of the rebels offered a possible opening for trade, while that of the Government would, it was thought, only give increased strength to an authority which had always been hostile to foreigners, and never granted a concession except when it was too weak to refuse it. The Taipings might turn out good customers; the Imperialists were known to be bad ones. But experience did much to modify these views. Considered as a phase of Christianity, the Taiping creed was at best unsatisfactory. It was difficult for respectable Dissenting ministers to take much pleasure in converts who paid divine honours to one of their own rejected catechumens, made iconoclasm an excuse for a general raid against property, counted their wives by the score and their concubines by the hundred, and met every clerical remonstrance by a complacent reference to a new revelation. And while the insurrection had year by year assumed more of a political character, it had become increasingly evident that it was not a political success. All its professions were mutually incompatible. It claimed to be a religious movement, while it sanctioned every species of crime. It assumed to be a national rising against the Tartar Government, and yet it set at defiance the most cherished national traditions, and enlisted all the conservative feeling in the Empire on the side of the alien dynasty. It proclaimed universal peace, and employed a lawless banditti to inaugurate it. And if it were not a success, it could be nothing less than a calamity. It chose its leaders from the illiterate peasants of a single province, and recruited its rank and file from the dangerous classes of the whole of Southern China. Its chiefs might for the time be less hostile to foreign merchants than the Imperial officials, but they were hostile to all the interests which brought foreign merchants into the country. Wherever the Taipings went they made the land a desert. Their arrival in a district was the signal for the immediate flight of every one who made any pretension to wealth, education, or respectability; and if the peasantry ventured to remain, it was only to see their young men seized for recruits, their women sent off to a harem, and the rest of the population employed in forced and unpaid labour, or massacred out of hand.

The change in the Imperial policy of which the treaty of Tien-tsin was the expression contributed very materially to confirm the feeling which had been originated by the Taiping excesses. Hitherto, the interests of the English residents had been assumed to be incompatible with the consolidation of the Tartar Government; but now, that Government had given them everything of which they were in want. Additional free ports supplied new outlets for trade, and the opening of the Great River to foreign vessels released the Shanghai merchants from their dependence on rebel forbearance for the conveyance of produce from the interior. Still there was not, in the first instance, any disposition on the side of the British Government to depart from a strict neutrality; and Sir Frederic Bruce frankly admitted that he had no wish to give a new lease to an already discredited Government, or to exemplify a corrupt and oppressive executive from the check of popular insurrection. But this neutrality became daily more one-sided. It was evident that the reckless destructiveness of the rebel armies was an integral feature of their policy. Their only



notion of war was extermination; they were utterly destitute of any political capacity; and their troops were only kept together by the promise of unlimited loot. First of all, it was determined to protect the foreign settlements at the ports which were threatened by the rebels. Next, it was found that the safety of the Chinese quarter was as important, from a commercial point of view, as that of the British factories, since it would be of little use to keep up trading establishments if there were no natives left to trade with. Finally, the reduction of a town by blockade or starvation was seen to be as fatal to our interests as its capture by assault, and a certain portion of the surrounding country was included under British protection. Encouraged by this assistance, the Chinese Government displayed an unexpected disposition to do something towards helping itself. It took into its service an American adventurer, who proved himself to possess a very remarkable faculty for organizing irregular troops. "Ward's force" rapidly obtained a character to which Chinese soldiers had hitherto been total strangers. The men who composed it showed themselves fairly amenable to discipline, and by no means contemptible in the field. Ward was unfortunately killed in action in the autumn of 1862, and one of his subordinates, an American named Burgevine, succeeded to the command. Before long, however, he fell into disgrace with the local authorities at Shanghai, was dismissed from the Chinese service, and ultimately joined the insurgents. The force was then handed over to an English officer, and, as "Gordon's brigade," has since done good service to the Imperial cause.

The Chinese Government is obviously disposed to deal fairly by foreign States, and Prince Kung, the President of the Foreign Board, is a man of great intelligence, and, for an Asiatic, of remarkable straightforwardness. The provisions of the treaty have been carefully made public wherever they were likely to become operative, and the local officials have in several cases given ready assistance to the Consuls in marking out the British districts in the new ports—a process involving the ejection of a large number of Chinese families, and the settlement of many intricate and disputed claims for compensation. Still Sir Frederic Bruce has not always found his task at Peking an easy one. The privileges granted to foreigners have been largely abused. An extensive smuggling trade has been carried on in arms and ammunition for the use of the rebels. Goods entered in the interior as if for shipment to Europe, in which case the duty is paid at the outport, have been sold on their passage to the coast, and payment evaded altogether. A large class of vessels are regularly provided with a foreign captain and a Chinese owner, and either flag hoisted according to the nationality of the Custom-house to be deceived. These illegal expedients have, as a matter of course, met with equally illegal checks on the part of the Chinese officials; and the English Minister has often found it difficult to make his countrymen understand that, now that the treaty has provided a remedy for this state of things, undue exactions are not to be resisted by force, but paid under protest, and redress sought from the Imperial Government. So long as the latter refused to recognise foreign Powers or to admit any appeal against the acts of its officers, it was necessary to take the law into our own hands; and the English residents came to regard executive weakness as essential to the security of trade, and to aim at paralysing all official action in reliance on the support of the British fleet. A system of trading in heavily armed vessels, with the view of overawing resistance, was decidedly advantageous to the large houses engaged in the China trade, and they have not looked with any favour on the new policy of strengthening the Chinese executive in order to enable it to secure us the protection which it has promised. Nor is this latter process at all a rapid one. The central authority is weak, and consequently afraid to act; the local authorities are corrupt, and only desirous of filling their own pockets. Each province has to defend itself against insurrection, and to find the means of doing so as it best can, and the Peking Government does not always venture to condemn exactions for which so good a financial plea can be made out. To give China a strong Government must, at best, be a work of time.

The news brought by the last mail is not very favourable to the attainment of this object. The Taeping rebellion seems, it is true, almost at an end. Colonel Gordon has fought sixteen actions in thirteen months, and been successful in nearly all of them; and the Imperialists have only two places of any importance now left to recapture. But the defeat of this insurrection is by no means the same thing as the restoration of order in the empire. When the last Wang shall have been beheaded, the elements of anarchy will still exist in every province, and the local brigandage which has been the principal strength of the Taeping movement will remain to form the nucleus of fresh insurrections. The failure of a single harvest ordinarily drives large numbers of a dense and poverty-stricken population to seek a livelihood by pillage, and the want of all military qualifications in the local mandarins who are entrusted with the command of the army makes the Imperial troops valueless for anything but mischief. From the time when Sir Frederic Bruce recognised in Ward's force the commencement of a military reorganization which it had seemed hopeless to look for in China, everything which has been effected against the Taipings has been due to this little company of two or three thousand disciplined soldiers, and it is at least doubtful whether the intelligence of their being disbanded may not be found to give fresh life to the just expiring rebellion. It was

perhaps impossible to allow British officers to remain any longer at their head, though the repeal of the Order in Council might have been postponed until some further effort had been made to obtain redress for the massacre at Soochow. If, however, British interests in China are to be maintained without war, it can only be done by an adherence to our recent policy of helping the Imperial Government to put down that element of disorder which we have ourselves done so much to foster.

#### CODRINGTON v. CODRINGTON.

IT is an old maxim of the Courts, that hard cases make bad law, but there is a compensation in the fact that to these same hard cases we owe some of the most important amendments of the law. Defects in the administration of justice may long be patent to those who care to see them, and enthusiastic philosophers often imagine that they have only to expose a mistaken principle to gain a universal assent to its repeal. But it needs more than the judgment of the soundest jurists and the eloquence of the ablest reformers to eradicate a doctrine once firmly rooted in the practice of the Courts. A thousand ingenious arguments are always ready in defence of any existing rule, and it is only when some startling example of legal injustice sharpens our perceptions that we are able to throw off the chains of habit, and venture upon the course which good sense suggests. It has taken more than one generation to get rid of the singular principle on which the old rules of evidence were built up, and even now it cannot be said that the task is completed. The ancient theory was, that any amount of interest, however minute, in the issue of a trial was a sufficient inducement to perjury to render the evidence of a witness utterly valueless; or at any rate that it was wrong, even in the interests of truth, to expose a witness to the temptation of perverting facts in order to serve himself. By very slow degrees, this principle, as a principle, has been rooted out, and the Benthamite maxim that all evidence ought to be received for what it may be worth has been nominally installed in its place. But with what tottering steps have we advanced! First, the door was opened to witnesses, even though subject to a pecuniary bias; then a further move was made, and the parties to the cause were allowed to give their testimony on their own behalf. But some great exceptions still remain; and neither in criminal cases, nor in those quasi-criminal investigations with which the Divorce Court is concerned, is a party to a cause allowed to give evidence in his or her own defence. So far, indeed, are we still trammelled by a rule which we profess to have discarded, that the testimony of the parties in a breach of promise case is excluded, although, on a purely technical distinction, it is competent to a woman to prove her own seduction in an action brought nominally by her father to recover damages for the loss of her services.

The inconsistency of these rules has been denounced again and again, with no effect; but at last a case has occurred which cannot fail to enforce a more serious consideration of the whole subject. The pendency of the suit between Admiral Codrington and his wife need be no bar to the discussion of the important question which it has brought to the surface as to the soundness of our rules of evidence. On whichever side the truth may be found, the anomaly in our methods of getting at it is equally striking. The divorce was originally asked for on the ground of alleged adultery with Colonel Anderson, the co-respondent. In the course of the proceedings, a distinct charge of adultery with Lieutenant Mildmay was imported into the case, and the petitioner, in accordance with the practice of the Court, was compelled to specify the occasions to which his information pointed. After the principal witnesses had been examined, a lady was put into the witness-box who was supposed to be able to supply some corroborative evidence of a rather general character. To the amazement of the counsel on both sides, Mrs. Watson proceeded to detail an explicit confession, which she said she had received from Mrs. Codrington, of an act of adultery committed with Lieutenant Mildmay, at a time and place which had not been pointed at by the charge on which the petitioner relied. It was inevitable that the cause should be adjourned, to enable the respondent to produce any evidence that might be forthcoming in answer to this unexpected accusation; and the Court is now waiting for any crumbs of circumstantial evidence which may be gathered up, while the law seals the lips of the only person who can possibly give direct testimony as to the alleged confession. The evidence of Mrs. Watson is that the confession was made to her alone, under a promise of secrecy, which she religiously observed until she was subpoenaed on the trial. The only other person who can know whether this statement is true or not is Mrs. Codrington, and she is not allowed to speak. Indirect evidence, for the purpose of showing the improbability or impossibility of the offence alleged to have been confessed, will be admissible, and it is also open to Lieutenant Mildmay to come forward and give his version of what took place. But testimony of this kind, even if it were strong enough to disprove the truth of the confession, will throw no light upon the question whether the confession was made or not. The one person other than the witness herself who can speak to this is compelled to silence, and whatever the issue of the trial may be, the case must be decided in the absence of any direct evidence either in confirmation or refutation of Mrs. Watson's narrative. Certainly this is as striking a violation as could well be imagined of the principle that, in searching after truth, courts of justice should listen to all the evidence that can be found, and give it such credit as, under the

circumstances, it may seem to deserve. The Judge was so impressed with the hardship of the case, on the hypothesis of the innocence of the accused, as not to hesitate to condemn the law which he was bound to administer; and, indeed, he seems for the moment to have forgotten to how large a revolution in the practice of our Courts his observations committed him. If Mr. Justice Wilde is right in condemning the clause which excepts suits in consequence of adultery from the general rule of admitting the evidence of parties to civil causes (and we do not mean to suggest that he is not right), then he must go much further, and claim the universal application of the principle as fully to criminal as to civil causes.

The real question raised by this startling case is an old and perhaps a difficult one. Scarcely a day passes in which a witness does not testify to some confession of guilt which the accused is not allowed to contradict. Whether a man is transported or hanged on the strength of a confession which he declares himself ready to deny on oath, or a woman divorced and disgraced on similar evidence, the hardship is of the same kind; and if the case of *Codrington v. Codrington* is to lead to any change in the law, the alteration cannot consistently stop short of admitting the evidence of a prisoner in his own defence. That there is much to be said against such an innovation is true enough, but there is not an argument which touches the case of a prisoner on trial which does not apply with almost greater force against admitting a woman's evidence in answer to a charge of adultery. What are the grounds on which the established exclusion of a prisoner's evidence rests? These two only—first, that the temptation to perjury is so irresistible as to render the evidence wholly untrustworthy; and secondly, that the increase of perjury would be a worse evil to society than the occasional failure of justice. Both of these objections apply even more powerfully to a divorce suit than to a criminal prosecution. A woman is at least as strongly impelled to deny adultery as a thief is to declare his innocence, and the encouragement of perjury among the respondents to divorce cases would not be a less evil than a similar corruption of professional criminals. In both cases, the cruelty of silencing a defendant suffering under an unjust accusation is the same; but unless there is reason to believe that the guilty would asseverate with less force or less consistency than the innocent, it would seem only an aggravation of the hardship to listen to an exculpation with the conviction that it afforded no criterion of guilt or innocence. If the objections to the admissibility of the evidence of an accused person are as forcible in the case of a respondent to a divorce petition as in that of an ordinary prisoner, the answers to those objections are to the full as cogent in their application to a criminal trial as to a matrimonial suit. The only possible answer to the first objection is, that it is not true that judges and juries would be unable to distinguish between the asseverations of the innocent and of the guilty. Mistakes would be made in some, perhaps in many cases; but no one can doubt that an adulteress would be quite as likely to succeed in baffling cross-examination as the most accomplished member of the dangerous classes. Whether the task of eliciting the truth be more or less arduous, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that it is never facilitated by shutting out testimony. The other objection, that the suggested change in the law of evidence would encourage perjury, cannot be denied; but the same may be said in a degree of all judicial inquiries, and it may be the more rational course to rely on adequate punishments for the repression of perjury as of all other crimes, instead of weakening the hands of justice in the vain hope of extracting the truth without exposing witnesses to temptation. Whether such considerations ought or ought not to prevail against the notions on which our existing criminal procedure is built, it is, at any rate, impossible to narrow the question to the special class of cases of which *Codrington v. Codrington* is so conspicuous an example. If the time is come for a further relaxation of the rules of evidence the change cannot be confined to the Divorce Court. Whether the popular sentiment is ripe for the larger innovation may be doubted, but, until it is, there can be no sound reason for applying to the evidence on a charge of adultery rules less stringent than those which are supposed to be requisite on accusations of a different kind.

## REVIEWS.

### SONNETS BY THE REV. CHARLES TURNER.\*

FOUR-and-thirty years ago, when the brilliant promise of the present Poet-Laureate was first made known to the world, his brother, Mr. Charles Tennyson, now Mr. Turner, published a little volume of graceful and musical sonnets. No form of poetry is less generally popular, or more worthless if it fails to attain its proper and peculiar standard of excellence. Narrative poems and ballads are sometimes amusing to ordinary tastes, even when they are absolutely devoid of imaginative beauty. Many readers, in all ages, are as easily satisfied as the typical poetaster

Who faggoted his notions as they fell;  
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.

But sonnets are not intended to rattle, and the artificial distribution of the rhymes puzzles or offends unskilled ears. The proper

subjects of sonnets are limited in number and restricted in kind, for each little poem of fourteen lines ought to contain and exhaust a single thought or picture with a kind of elaborate and complicated unity. Weighty moral sentences, and isolated descriptions which suggest associations of sentiment or reflection, find suitable expression in sonnets, and Shakspeare used a similar metre to represent the paradoxes and fanciful mysteries of passionate feeling. Only three or four English poets have succeeded as writers of sonnets of a more formal and sober kind. The stately dignity of Milton's sonnets has not been equalled even by Wordsworth, who, nevertheless, has left many which are admirable, and more which are tiresome and prosaic. Mr. Charles Tennyson, who has published nothing else in poetry or prose, made, in his early youth, a remarkable approach to perfection. After the interval of a generation, he has cast in the same mould the meditative fancies of his maturer years, and although he is not likely to attract a numerous audience, his new collection of sonnets will be welcomed and valued by some thoughtful and cultivated readers who are content to dispense with literary excitement. It is also not impossible that Mr. Turner's opinions may exercise a less legitimate attraction on the numerous class which prefers moral and religious orthodoxy to art. A poet who is simply and profoundly pious, as he would be tolerated if he were silly, may perhaps find himself compensated for popular neglect by an ignorant and irrelevant appreciation of his genius.

A few of the sonnets are unfortunately controversial, and, like metrical arguments in general, they are by no means conclusive. Mr. Turner is alarmed and offended by the speculations of French and German critics of the Bible, and he extends his hostility to the far less audacious inquiries of Bishop Colenso, and of the Essayists and Reviewers. If poets were scrupulously just, they would understand that a sonnet embodying a dogmatic censure is unfair to an opponent who is perhaps incapable of writing a sonnet in reply. M. Renan, indeed, if he happens to possess the gift of verse, is sufficiently familiar with flowers, stars, tears, and other established commonplaces of poetry; but it would be unreasonable and inexpedient to demand a sonnet from Strauss. The author of the well-known arithmetic book might fairly say, with the mathematical commentator on Milton, that Mr. Turner's sonnets prove nothing. An attack on some anonymous theorist who seems to have placed the scene of the Nativity in Egypt only gives publicity to an obscure, if not imaginary, heresy. The sole value which attaches to Mr. Turner's vehement protest against theological inquiry consists in his personal testimony to the practical distinction between historical belief and philosophical abstractions or generalizations. According to his experience, it is an irreparable misfortune

To lose the sad precision of the Cross  
In Fancy's lights, and melt away His crown;  
Gazing on truth, why should our vision swim?  
Let Calvary stand clear of fabulous mist,  
Keep all the paths of Olivet for Christ,  
And let no Orphic phantom walk with him.

The sensitiveness of religious minds may vent itself in two opposite directions. A sceptical understanding is sometimes found in combination with a resolute habit of clinging to cherished doctrines, even when it seems necessary to replace bit by bit the whole structure of assumptions on which they originally rested. A safer instinct leads others to a positivism which rejects all distinction between the substance and the accidents of truth, and it would not be difficult to justify their timidity by plausible, if not by philosophical, reasons. When critical innovators are loud in their assurances of the harmlessness of their investigations, they put in issue the character of their conclusions, as well as the force of their demonstrations. If Renan and Strauss were to insist on the identity of their residuary faith with the dogmas of the Church, Mr. Turner is entitled to state from his own consciousness that the practical consolations of religion have evaporated during the critical process. The record of his experience is only so far suited to poetry as he represents the feelings of a class. On the whole, his doctrinal or disputatious sonnets scarcely deserve to escape the neglect which ordinarily awaits theology in verse.

The rest of the volume is unexceptionable in subject, and more satisfactory in execution. The sonnets of 1830 were more ambitious in style, and sometimes they displayed a luxuriant felicity of language which would perhaps scarcely suit the gravity of a soberer age. There is in the later publication no adaptation of sound to sense which can rival some lines on the youthful topic of a kiss:—

When lovers' lips from kissing disunite  
With sound as soft as mellow fruitage breaking,  
They loathe to quit what was so sweet in taking,  
So fraught with breathless magical delight.

It is an unavoidable defect in this little poem that its essence is concentrated in the second line, although the sonnet proceeds to show how natural and proper it is to linger on the pleasant operation, because, unlike a boat on the water, it leaves no wake behind. One of the best of the early sonnets expresses with quaint ingenuity a conceit which would have delighted the poets of the first half of the seventeenth century. The failure of happiness or joy to find a suitable residence in any part of the human face is an allegory which would have been thought the more attractive because it capriciously substitutes the effect for the cause. It might be supposed that men frown, or cry, or twist up their mouths in sneers, under the influence of pre-existent discontent. It is the business of the sonneteer to show that, on the contrary, joy is

\* Sonnets. By the Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner. London: Macmillan & Co. 1864.



repelled by the roughness of the frowning brow, by the possible wetness of the eye, and by the risk of encountering the same inundation further down on the cheek. A melancholy and fanciful playfulness corresponds with an arrangement of lines which is more than ordinarily artificial. Both in his earlier and later sonnets, Mr. Turner for the most part adopts the easy mechanism of four quatrains, ending with a rhyming couplet. The fantastic adventures of Joy are described in more elaborate metre:—

Joy came from heaven, for men were mad with pain,  
And sought a mansion on this earth below;  
He could not settle on the wrinkled brow,  
Close-gathered to repel him, and again  
Upon the cheek he sought repose in vain,  
He found that pillow all too chill and cold,  
Where sorrow's streams might float him from his hold,  
Caught sleeping in their channel; the eye would fain  
Receive the stranger on its slippery sphere,  
Where life had purer effluence than elsewhere,  
But where no barrier might forbid the tear  
To sweep it when it listed; so that there  
He staid, nor could the lips his couch prepare,  
Shifting untenably from smile to sneer.

In this sonnet Mr. Turner has contented himself with five rhymes, giving similar terminations to the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines, to the second and third, to the sixth and seventh, to the ninth, eleventh, and fourteenth, and to the tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth. In one sonnet of the recent collection he has, with a somewhat different distribution, been equally economical of his materials:—

I dreamed—methought I stood upon a strand  
Unblest with day for ages; and despair  
Had seized me, but for cooling airs that fanned  
My forehead, and a voice that said "Prepare!"  
Anon I felt that dawning was at hand;  
A planet rose, whose light no cloud could mar,  
And made through all the landscape near and far,  
A wild half morning for that dreary land;  
I saw her seas come washing to the shore  
In sheets of gleaming ripples, wide and fair;  
I saw her goodly rivers brimming o'er,  
And from their fruitful shallows looked the star;  
And all seemed kissed with starlight; till the beam  
Of sunrise broke, and yet fulfilled my dream.

The tenth line is perhaps almost too remote for the ear to recognise its correspondence in sound with the second and the fourth, but the sonnet possesses a more visibly organic unity when all its parts are connected by a skilful involution of rhymes. Wordsworth, who is by far the best sonnet-writer of recent times, seldom allows himself more than five rhymes, and he never exceeds the number of six. In the great majority of his sonnets, the fifth line rhymes with the second and third, and he rarely concludes with a couplet. Milton, who supplies the most perfect model to poets who adopt the form of the sonnet, invariably restricts himself to two rhymes in the first eight lines, and he often makes two rhymes serve his purpose for the remaining six. Only two of his English sonnets end with a rhyming couplet, and his Italian sonnets follow the same rules, except that the final couplet occurs oftener. He probably imitated Petrarch in the quadruple repetition of the first two rhymes, although the achievement is comparatively easy to an Italian poet. In preferring a looser texture, Mr. Turner may appeal to the authority of Spenser, who was accustomed to exercise abundant license in forcing syllables and sounds to suit his metrical occasions, and he may argue that Shakespeare was certainly not driven to the use of quatrains and couplets by any penury of language. Nevertheless, the more complex metre of Milton and Wordsworth would perhaps have been better adapted to Mr. Turner's calm and thoughtful compositions. He always assumes or reveals the character of a meditative recluse, who only passes beyond the round of ordinary occupations by the aid of imagination and reflection:—

For I am bound by duties and constraints  
To mine own land, or move in modest round  
Among my neighbours; though my spirit faints  
And hungers for the storied eastern ground.

A fine sonnet, expressing a similar aspiration, consists of a reminiscence of the *Iliad*:—

Nor, could I bring within my visual scope  
The great localities old stories boast,  
Would I forget thee, Troas; whose first hope  
Of travel pointed to thy lonely coast;  
How would my quickened fancy reproduce  
The incessant brazen flash of Homer's war,  
And heroes moving quick their ground to choose  
With spear tops burning like the autumn star,  
Along that sullen seaboard, till at length  
Mine ear should thrill, my startled pulses bound,  
When from the trench those two grand voices rose,  
And, each involved in the other, swept their foes  
Before them like a storm, the wrath and strength  
Of God and man conspiring to the sound.

There may perhaps be passages in which the starlike fire flames from the spear tops, but in general it shines, as Mr. Turner says in another sonnet, "from helm and shield." When Diomedes entered the battle which is called his *aristeia*, "an incessant fire burnt from his crest and his shield, like the star of autumn which beams forth brightest after bathing in Ocean." Achilles, turning on the Trojans and on Hector after his vain pursuit of Apollo, is seen by Priam from the wall "all shining like a star which comes in autumn"; and in a still grander passage, when his voice drives the victorious enemy from the rampart of the ships, "Athené crowned

his head with a golden cloud, and lit from it an all-shining flame," and, like the conflagration of a burning city at nightfall, "the flash from the head of Achilles reached the sky." It was then also that "those two grand voices" of the hero and the goddess rose from the trench, "and the horses turned back and their drivers were astonished, and Athené kindled the light from his head, and Achilles shouted thrice with a voice as of a brazen trumpet." A scholarlike reproduction of a Homeric image is as poetical as if the description were directly taken from nature. Some of Shelley's happiest lines are literal translations from Greek poets, and Mr. Tennyson has not unfrequently resorted to the same associations. Mr. Turner's genius is, however, perhaps more characteristically applied to subjects which admit of a melancholy tenderness, as when he unexpectedly sees a tablet in church inscribed with the names of those whom he had loved and known:—

As one, whose eyes by gleam of waters caught,  
Should find them strewn with pansies, so to me  
It chanced that morning, as I bowed the knee,  
Soliciting the approach of hallowed thought;  
I dreamed not that so dear a tomb was nigh;  
My sidelong glance the lucid marble drew,  
And, turning round about inquiringly,  
I found it lettered with the names I knew;  
Three precious names I knew, and loved withal,  
Yes knew and loved, albeit too briefly known.  
Louisa, Henry, and the boy just grown  
To boyhood's prime, as each received the call;  
And over all, carved in the same white stone,  
The symbol of the holiest death of all.

The serious and pathetic effect of the sonnet is greatly increased by the continuance of the same rhymes through the last six lines, and by the avoidance of the jingle of a concluding couplet. There are, however, six rhymes instead of five or four, and the two opening quatrains are composed in the simple form of alternate elegiacs.

#### MAURICE DERING.\*

ALTHOUGH it may have been given to the greatest of violinists to enrapture his generation by playing upon a single string, it cannot be thought safe for artists of an inferior stamp to follow so rare and exceptional a precedent. It was assuredly not by sticking from the first to so arbitrary and limited a style of performance that the great *maestro* originally raised himself to the highest rank in his department of art; nor would any really great professor in any province of intellect be so unwise as to cramp the powers of his genius, or court suspicions as to their fecundity, by confining them to the perpetuation, with whatever skill in display, of a solitary trick or caprice of art. When a writer is found perpetually harping upon one idea, the reader is apt, instead of being struck with wonder at the perseverance or the versatility which has put a hackneyed subject in such a number of lights, to weary of the monotony of repetition, and to suspect that the author has but this one crotchet for his intellectual stock-in-trade. A writer of fiction may, indeed, safely and naturally exhibit that oneness of intellectual or moral tone which results from a deep-set and well-sustained ethical purpose. Or he may maintain that evenness and uniformity of thought which imparts a certain air of likeness to his characters and plots, no less than to the mere vehicle of style. But, in the case of a superior writer, there will be a depth and weight in this characteristic idea which forbids its turning to mere flatness and insipidity, while his imaginative powers will clothe it in forms sufficiently varied to present it in a never-ending succession of charming points of view. When Mr. Thackeray set himself to illustrate, as the main purpose of his intellectual career, the various shapes in which selfishness or "snobishness" underlies all the faults of human character, he was scarcely in danger of becoming monotonous or maudlin, so long as he retained sufficient power of analysis to develop some untouched depth in the nature of the "snob" together with sufficient fancy to surround his favourite central conception with picturesque adjuncts and lively situations. A valuable truth lay at the bottom of the well from which he drew. Miss Brontë might have gone on for ever irradiating the world by turning upon it successive phases of her own intense and profound self-consciousness. With writers such as these, a certain sameness of subject is compatible with constant freshness and vitality of treatment. But what are we to say of a series of books which goes on for ever repeating the one note of *Guy Livingstone*—books which seem to have no higher theme or deeper motive than that of celebrating the triumphs and delights of a vigorous physical organization? To those who are blessed with the strength and energy of constitution with which Mr. Lawrence loves to endow the standing hero of his romances, there may be some source of complacency and satisfaction in contemplating a succession of pictures in which their own athletic organization seems to be faithfully mirrored. And, to a class of readers less physically endowed, there may be a charm, tempered by envy, in the sight of the stalwart proportions and tenacity of nerve which exist for them only in imagination. But it must sadly bore the general reader to have perpetually thrust upon him this unattainable ideal of "healthy animalism." He is probably tired already of the great, tawny, muscular, and somewhat stupid hero, who depends as much for any interest that may attach to him upon his "condition" as the Norfolk Chicken of Mr. Dickens, and who meets the eye, in each of his successive appearances or *avatars*, like so

\* Maurice Dering; or, the Quadrilateral. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.

many studies of the same Herculean model, merely posed for some new display of bulk and weight, or for bringing into play some more exceptional set of sinews or muscles. The character of Maurice Dering, the latest specimen of this muscular school, is of a simpler and less vicious cast than that of Guy Livingstone, but there is beneath all his exterior gentleness the old leaven of truculence and ferocity. He has only to be scratched by the hand of provocation or contrariety in order to lay bare the savage underneath. Like a big Newfoundland among lesser dogs, he moves with the dignity of conscious strength till he is stirred to unwonted and unsparing deeds of wrath or vengeance. In one of the first situations in the book, we come upon the man after Mr. Lawrence's own heart administering a "welting" to an insolent and refractory groom. There are touches eminently characteristic of the writer in the scientific analysis given of the punishment, and in the way in which he brings his own cherished experience to assist in heightening his enjoyment of the scene:—

Now there are diversities of chastisements.

There is the chastisement fantastic; when, after a light stroke or two, that the flesh can scarcely feel, however they may gall the spirit, the patient is requested to consider himself horsewhipped—an utter impossibility sometimes, unless he chance to be gifted with a vivid imagination. Again, there is the chastisement spasmodic; where the executioner loses his head after the first blow or two, and begins to hit wild; in this case the flurry and frustration bear an inverse proportion to the real work done; when all is over it is often difficult to say which of the two parties concerned is the more thoroughly exhausted and blown; and the spectator is irresistibly reminded of the Satanic comment on the shearing of the swine. Thirdly and lastly, my brethren, there is the chastisement proper—or judicial; not erring on the side of mercy, nor yet degenerating into brutality; where every blow descends with the deliberate emphasis of scientific strength; where the performer has sufficient self-control never to infringe on the two-score, if he has previously determined to administer forty stripes save one.

Such a spectacle is not a pleasant one to witness, of course; but if the provocation has been intense, it may be endured. The chiefs who gathered round Agamemnon, during that weary Decade of years, assisted, I fancy, at scenes more displeasing to their heroic minds than the punishment of Thersites.

Should these pages ever travel so far East as the heart of the Indian hills, and fall to find an echo in all other breasts, I think they will strike a memorial chord in that of a certain stalwart veteran, of whose prowess in this line (also exercised in *corpe vile* of an insolent groom), I, who write, retain a respectful recollection. O, fair-haired son of Milesius! Mighty wielder of the strident scourge! Where-soever you may be—under roof, under canvas, or under the stars—*Waes hael!* I drain this cup in your honour, and—were it not superfluous—would wish "more power to your elbow!"

The interest of *Maurice Dering* is distributed among four friends, to whom the peculiar attributes which make up the ideal of the writer's school are diversely parcelled out. Having been at an early period brought, by mutual attraction, to swear among themselves "eternal friendship," fortified by strong contrasts of character, they are presented under the figure of the "Quadrilateral," standing foursquare in compact alliance against every assault of the world, the flesh, and the devil. If it be allowed us to take another simile—from the constitution of the human organism—the brain is represented by Paul Chetwynde, the cool and cynical philosopher, indifferent to women, pitiless in his scorn and contempt for men, saving his friend's honour at the cost of crime, paying back the cruelty and cant of his father, the hypocritical Dean of Torrcaster, with lofty hate and scathing words. The heart is that of Geoffrey Luttrell, the sporting parson, bluff and kindly, a Christian of the true muscular type, "square of shoulder and deep in chest, with brawny limbs that are only kept down from fleshiness by habits of temperance and strong exercise." The nutritive functions seem to be in the main those that devolve upon Philip Gascoigne, who has little to do beyond entertaining the rest as his guests at his rich and elegant domain of Marston Lisle. He is of slighter physique, with soft and luxurious tastes, doting and submissive towards his coquetish bride, Georgie Verschoyle. The strong right-hand of the group is of course Maurice Dering, of that approved size of biceps, breadth of chest, and soundness of wind which befits the champion of a muscular tale, with "nothing perhaps gigantesque or Homeric" about him, "but of whom friend or enemy could say no more or less than this—he looked, at least, his character right well of soldier, sportsman, and gentleman." Upon the Hercules of the piece naturally, perhaps, devolve the accompanying "labours;" but never was such a sea of troubles accumulated against a favourite of gods and men as is poured upon the head of the unfortunate Maurice. First, he has to beat down his rising affection for Georgie, whom he saves by a miracle of horsemanship, on the eve of her marriage, from being carried over a precipice by her runaway horse. Next, he has to repel the overtures of Ida Carew, her dark and scheming cousin, who, about to wed at the same time with Luttrell, has guessed Dering's secret, and tries by a bold avowal to transfer his affections to herself. Seeking loyally to drown the memory of his lost love by frantic sport among the "big game" in India, for which service he has changed his regiment, Maurice next gets himself savagely handled by an enormous vengeful she-bear, whom he kills in hand-to-hand fighting with three-and-twenty stabs of a short hunting-knife, and has to come home for his health in consequence. The whole Quadrilateral assembling at Baden, Georgie is found on the point of yielding to the arts of the handsome Bohemian—the irresistible Gerald Annesleigh. Upon Chetwynde and Dering now falls the duty of saving her from actual *esclandre*, and screening her fault from her invalid husband. In solemn conclave, no less than sentence of death is passed upon the offending libertine. The author is here seen in all the glory of his school. More vulgar heroes than Maurice Dering might have fallen back

upon the coarser precedent of a "welting." Refined sentimentalists like Eugene Sue would have satisfied the exigencies of amateur criminal justice by blinding or mutilation. But there is a stroke of higher and bolder genius in making the hero of a romance in the middle of the nineteenth century pick a quarrel with the victim, call him out with the calmest deliberation, and on the highest principles shoot him in open *duello*.

All this while things are going badly indeed with the whole Quadrilateral. "Against free or open assault the defenders of that miniature fortress might perchance have held their own." But "if a woman—wily or wicked—be once within the walls, never was ravelin or rampart that long could keep the besiegers at bay." It would seem to be part of Mr. Lawrence's simple creed that woman's mission is but to enervate and enslave the harder sex. What business has she to be always coming in the way to balk man's natural propensities for sport and general combativeness? Every Hercules or Samson in this book is matched with his Omphale or Delilah. And if the animalism which forms its general theme throws a tone of coarseness over the men, how can it be other than disgusting when it affects the female characters of the story also? The impulses which seem to stir the whole action of the feminine plotters in the piece are happily not so common to human nature as to be recognised by ordinary readers of that sex, as they are at the same time too extravagant in their degree to kindle an equivalent sense of indignation. In such a point of view, woman's nature can hardly be said to come up even to the level of the poet's cynical estimate:—

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Georgie Gascoigne's wanton trifling with the advances of the handsome seducer becomes more disagreeable when coupled with the discovery, made about the same period, of her husband's symptoms of "radical weakness in the spine." Worst of all, however, is the character of Ida Luttrell, in whose animal nature the "feline" element is developed into the merciless craft of the tigress. Failing, in the first instance, to detach Maurice's affections from her cousin, over whose fearful risk of death she gloats with the savage expectancy of a fiend, and finding her own passionate advances towards him coldly repelled, her next effort is to clear away the obstacle in her path by betraying the weak and frivolous wife into the arms of Annesleigh. The baffled seducer, in a fit of penitence, places, while dying, in the hands of Maurice certain letters of Ida's which prove a shameful intimacy to have existed between the pair all through the period of her passion for Maurice and the wooing and marriage of Luttrell. Here, of course, is another trial for Maurice, who has again to play with Chetwynde the judicial part of executioner. Meeting the beautiful sorceress in a secluded part of the grounds at Marston, the self-appointed pair of judges overwhelm her with proofs in her own handwriting till she falls dead, from a sudden spasm of *angina pectoris*, in the arms of her husband, who drops in just in time to hear her confession of guilt. Maurice's worst trouble is yet to come. The dying woman has heaped imprecations of death and dishonour upon one with whom it turns out he had become engaged in India, and upon whom he had vented all the "virginity of a strong honest heart." News arrives that sweet Alice Leslie, with her mother and her brave old uncle Patrick Drummond, have fallen victims beneath the nameless horrors of the Sepoy outbreak. It hardly needs Chetwynde's sardonic promptings that "there is work, and bitter hard work, before him yet," to nerve Dering's whole soul to the one purpose of revenge. Before many weeks we find him—and part with him—like Ajax among the sheep, piling up hecatombs of slain, or himself standing by—"his men drunk and faint with the scent of blood"—"with that dark pitiless look upon his face whereof we have before spoken, allowing no pause in the work till it was thoroughly performed."

We would not be thought insensible to the merits which Mr. Lawrence really possesses, and which make his works, in spite of their exaggerated tone and animal views of life, exciting, and in some respects pleasing to read. His style is clear, nervous, and highly graphic, though somewhat spoilt by that affectation of swagger which looks as if he thought the pen of the writer must be held in the fist of the athlete. On his own ground, amid the struggles of the turf and the talk of the stable, he has no superior among the writers of the day. The description, for instance, of the race for life between the runaway "Queen Mab" and Dering on the "Moor" has never been surpassed in its line. And into his flashes of sporting wit, or his episodes of fast life generally, he can throw an unparalleled amount of reality and point. It is in his defective grasp of moral action, and in his preposterous elevation of the physical and material over all other elements of character, that he debars himself from higher rank in literature than that of a bold and clever writer with only a single idea, and that anything but a profound or wholesome one.

#### KING ALFRED'S BOETHIUS.\*

"**ÆLFRED** Cyning was wealhtod ðisse bec, and hie of bec Ledene on Engliac wende." It curiously illustrates the force of habit that when Alfred himself, in his very first sentence, affirms himself to be writing English, his own "wealhtod" will not believe him, but calls his language "Anglo-Saxon," and looks on it as something which needs a "literal 'English' translation."

\* *King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of Boethius De Consolatione Philosophiæ: with a Literal English Translation, Notes, and Glossary.* By the Rev. Samuel Fox, M.A. London: H. G. Bohn. 1864.



tion." Of course we do not at all deny that Alfred's English needs a translation into modern English; only, as Alfred himself called his own speech, not Anglo-Saxon, but English, we cannot understand why we may not follow his example, qualifying only by such forms as "Old," "modern," and the like. It is, of course, not the least remarkable point about the matter, that Alfred, himself a Saxon, one of whose commonest titles is "Rex Saxonum," a Saxon suzerain over tributary Anglian Kingdoms, knows his own language simply as "English." When the strictly Saxon power was at its greatest height, "Saxon" still remained a provincial name, distinguishing one Teutonic tribe from another; "English" was already the name which the nation and its language bore in distinction from other nations and other languages. It is indeed curious that Mr. Fox should seemingly not have felt in the least how completely his author's language rebuked his own title-page. However, this is a matter which we have often pointed out, and which we should not have stopped to point out again if the book itself had not so curiously suggested it. For practical purposes, it is perhaps more important that Mr. Fox has chosen to print Alfred's text in that type which we believe printers call "Saxon," and in which perverse people still print both Irish and Old-English. We call them perverse people, because there is absolutely no reason for the practice, and because the best scholars have left it off. Mr. Thorpe, for instance, had the sense to print the Chronicle in intelligible characters, though Mr. Oswald Cockayne has fallen back on the other fashion in his "Saxon Leechdoms," possibly to give the awful recipes a still more magical effect. There is really no more reason for printing Alfred's English in this uncouth form than for printing any book of any age in a type cast to represent the handwriting of a manuscript of that particular age. It simply makes the text harder to read, it gives it an odd and outlandish kind of look, and it makes the unlearned fancy that "Anglo-Saxon," a language which needs to be printed in a different character from "English," is something with which English has much less to do than with French or Latin.

A work written in a late form of Latin by a famous Roman Consul, and translated into an early form of English by a famous West-Saxon King, derives an interest from these external circumstances which perhaps might hardly attach to it for its own sake. The *Consolation* of Boethius is chiefly valuable as showing how exalted a standard of faith and practice could be reached by a man who could not possibly have been a professed Christian, and at the same time how strong was the indirect influence which Christianity exercised upon the better heathen of the time. It is, we think, clear that Boethius could not have been a believer in Christian doctrines. It is impossible that such a believer, writing such a book under such circumstances, could have omitted all Christian allusions whatsoever. On the other hand, it is equally clear that Boethius was a better practical Christian than many of his most zealous and orthodox contemporaries. He was a virtuous man, and, as his writings show, a thoroughly devout theist. We can well believe that there were many such—many to whom the monotheism and the pure morality of the Gospel commended itself, but who were not prepared to accept the dogmatic teaching of any of the contending Christian sects. The arguments to prove the heathenism—if that be the proper word—of Boethius are clearly put together by Dean Stanley in his article on Boethius in the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography. The Dean's general conclusions are accepted by Mr. Fox, who quotes them as the remarks of "an eminent writer." It is perhaps worth noticing that a good part of Mr. Fox's Preface is made up of fragments taken without acknowledgment, and word for word, from the same "eminent writer." It is no wonder then that, when Dean Stanley is at last promoted to inverted commas, he is still allowed to remain anonymous. This sort of treatment of one writer makes us a little curious to know the exact amount of "the great assistance" which Mr. Fox "has derived from the labours of the late J. S. Cardale, Esq.," whose edition and translation we unluckily have not at hand. Dr. Bosworth is thanked for "valuable suggestions"; and one who in many eyes is the most eminent hand of all contributes an integral portion of the book:—

The Editor has availed himself of the kind permission of Martin Tupper, Esq., D.C.L., &c. &c., to substitute his excellent poetical translation of the Metres for his own literal one, and he tenders his sincere thanks for the permission which has been so freely accorded.

To return to Boethius; it may be worth inquiring whether the fact of his non-Christianity may not go some way to prove his innocence of the charge for which he died. For a Catholic to conspire with the Orthodox Emperor against the Arian King of the Goths would be perfectly natural. The story falls in with the popular conception of Boethius as a Christian writer and a Catholic martyr. But in a heathen philosopher such a course seems unintelligible. Such a one could have no rational motive for wishing to exchange the rule of the tolerant Theodoric for that of the Orthodox bigot Justin. The traditional reverence for the names of Rome and Cæsar and Augustus, the traditional repugnance to the yoke of the barbarians, must have had, one would think, much less influence under the reign of Theodoric than under those of his successors. If Theodoric was a barbarian, Justin was equally so, and between the government of the two there could be no sort of comparison. If Justin's Imperial rank gratified a sentimental longing for a Roman Augustus as the only lawful lord of Italy, we might set on the other hand that

Theodoric reigned in theory as the lieutenant of Augustus, that Rome retained her Senate and her Consuls, and that both her welfare and her ancient monuments were incomparably better cared for than they had been under the later Emperors who reigned at Milan and Ravenna. Notwithstanding all this, it is highly probable that the visible presence of a Gothic King and a Gothic army in Italy was felt as a national degradation, while no such feeling existed in the East, where the barbarian ruler and his fellows assumed the guise of Roman legions and a Roman Cæsar. Such a feeling, combined with the religious animosity of the Catholics against the Arians, would quite account for any general dislike to Theodoric's government on the part of the mass of his Italian subjects. The feeling, though unreasonable, would be perfectly natural. But one might expect a man like Boethius to see through the hollowness of the quasi-patriotic sentiment, while, if he really was a heathen philosopher, he must have felt the advantage of a government like that of Theodoric, which dealt equal justice to Catholic, heretic, pagan, and Jew. So, a little later, under the reign of Justinian, the few pagan sages who still remained were so little satisfied with the rule of the Orthodox Emperor that they sought for refuge and toleration even at the court of the despot of Persia. On any view there is something mysterious in the whole story of Boethius and Symmachus, something which no explanation seems thoroughly to clear up. It must not be forgotten that charges of sacrilege and magic—charges by no means unlikely to be brought against a pagan philosopher—were mixed up with the charge of treason.

The work of Boethius, as Dean Stanley remarks, was prized for several centuries as one of the great masterpieces of literature, and became the subject of many translations and imitations in different languages. King Alfred's own version may count as an imitation rather than strictly a translation. He took what we should call strange liberties with his text, and inserted many passages of his own. This way of dealing with an author, so contrary to our feelings now, was just in the spirit of Alfred's time. Alfred's object was not to give his people the genuine text of Boethius, but to give them what he thought edifying teaching. So long as the teaching was good, it mattered not whether Boethius or Alfred was the author. So the wise King followed Boethius as far as Boethius served his turn, but when Boethius failed him he drew freely on his own stores. Boethius, with all his morality and devotion, was still a heathen. Alfred probably did not know the fact, but he instinctively felt the want which Boethius had failed to satisfy. He therefore freely Christianized the treatise of the unbelieving sage. Without such a change, the book would have in no way suited his purpose; he therefore made the change without scruple. At the distance of time at which we stand alike from Boethius and from Alfred, and possessing also, as we do, the unaltered text of the elder writer, we look at the book as receiving additional interest from these changes; they make it the record of two illustrious minds instead of one. But a similar treatment of a book by a translator of our own times would excite our highest critical indignation. That is to say, it would excite it so far as the book itself was a proper object for literary criticism. For there are cases in which a modern writer may find himself in very much the same condition as Alfred. Compilers of hymns and other devotional works freely change anything which they think theologically objectionable in the pieces which they select. Strict churchmen "adapt" both Roman Catholic and Dissenting productions, till their original authors would be not a little distressed at their new shape. Nor can we at all blame those who do so; their object is edification, not literary credit either for themselves or for their originals. If the original is essentially good, and needs only a few verbal alterations to make it strictly orthodox, they may well argue that it is better to make those alterations than to attempt something quite fresh of their own which might very likely prove utterly inferior. Even the mutilation of a great English classic may be justified on this ground. When the Pilgrim's Progress was turned by a zealous High Churchman into a vehicle of his own theology, every literary instinct was offended. Let him write what he pleases himself, but do not let him spoil John Bunyan. If he can write a High Church allegory that shall outdo the Puritan allegory, let him; but let us keep John Bunyan, with all his Puritanism. Burn his body, if you will, as a heretic, but let us stick to his book as an English classic. But a Sunday-school teacher might look at the matter with a different eye from that of a literary critic. "Here is a book," he might say, "popular, interesting, and, on the whole, edifying, but containing some things which I think theologically wrong. I cannot, for conscience' sake, give it to my people as it is, and neither I nor anybody else can write anything half so good." To stick in bits of orthodoxy into Bunyan, as Alfred stuck in bits of Christianity into Boethius, offensive as it seems when judged by our literary tribunal, may be the very thing which is wanted for popular edification. It was clearly lawful in the ninth century, and in the region of Sunday-schools and cottage lectures the nineteenth century does not very materially differ from the ninth. Of course what is done by one theological sect may with equal fairness be done by any other. If a High Churchman may lawfully cook his Bunyan, a Dissenter may just as lawfully cook his Keble. And the same thing may just as well be done when the object is secular and not religious edification. No one can object to correct errors of detail in an edition of a standard work intended for popular instruction. Of course we assume that the book, like the works of Boethius and Bunyan, is good in itself. No man can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It is vain to try, as we

believe has been done, to correct the rubbish of Mangnall's Questions by improvements in detail. The better the piece of new cloth sewed on, the worse it makes the rent in the old garment. And it is as little justifiable to stick together a farrago of all English histories, good and bad, and give it forth to the world under the title of the "Student's Hume." For doings of either of these kinds the example of King Alfred cannot be pleaded.

King Alfred, as a man of the ninth century writing for the people naturally would be, is very English in his ways of expressing names and titles. The Emperor is indeed the "Cesere," but that was because there was a "Casere" still reigning in a neighbouring and kindred country. But the Senators are "witan," Boethius is introduced as "consul," but we are told that "consul" means "heretoga," and all consuls who are mentioned afterwards are called "heretogas" simply. Mr. Fox wipes out most of these little characteristic touches. The use of "heretoga" for "consul" is worth noting. The "heretoga" (High-German *herzog*) is the Ealdorman in his military capacity. But the Ealdorman, in Latin, is "Comes"; therefore Comes = Consul. And so we find Henry of Huntingdon and other writers who affect classical ways of talking speaking of Earls and Counts as "Consules."

Again, we may note that King Alfred, in his Introduction, finding Gothic and English agree, and knowing, as we suspect, very little either of Greek or of High-German, calls the King of the East-Goths by his own name of "Deodric." The refinement of "Dietrich" had not yet reached Britain; was it known anywhere for three or four hundred years longer?

#### DOVER CASTLE.\*

EVERY visitor to Dover remembers the striking cluster of buildings that stands in the Castle area, between the keep and the cliff, and that commonly goes by the name of the Roman Pharos and Church. The church has more of the look of Roman arches and tile-work about it than any similar building in the country; and the group is perhaps unique, not only in England, but in Europe. Mr. Puckle, who is a veteran traveller, assures us that, in fact, it is so; though, as we shall see, he dispels a little of the semi-fabulous antiquity that tradition assigns to the church. For many ages the buildings had been hastened on their way to ruin by every means short of actual demolition. The Pharos, being useless, was allowed to go pretty much its own way to decay; but the church was spacious enough to serve at one time for the coal-yard of the Castle, at another as a magazine for military, and still more miscellaneous, stores; while the space that was once the churchyard—on the principle, perhaps, that everything about a garrison ought to "do duty" of some sort—afforded an airy drying-ground for military and other vestments of an entirely unecclesiastical sort. The accumulation of rubbish was so great inside the church as well as out, that the original floor was discovered some nine feet below the surface, and of a rather high doorway nothing had been visible for generations but the arch. To the late Lord Herbert of Lea is due the credit of restoring the fabric to one at least of its original uses as a garrison chapel, and to probably much more than its original beauty, under the careful hands of Mr. Gilbert Scott. Mr. Puckle was allowed to conduct an independent examination of his own, and a thoroughly exhaustive search he seems to have made of it. To have exhumed—not here, however, but from the foundations of a Pharos on the Western heights, which seems to have formed one of a pair with that in the Castle—a small bit of sculptured stone which had lain embedded in Roman mortar, with its face downwards, for some seventeen centuries, is a feat for an antiquarian to be proud of; and this is a sample of his whole work. Mr. Puckle was, in short, just the man for the task. He has travelled much, as we said, and has kept his eyes very open; and they are the eyes of an artist as well as of a church-builder. Though he appreciates a clerk of the works (as well he may) who handles every old stone "as though he loved it," he is anything rather than a mere antiquary. He has for years been familiar with every foot of the ground; he is a "minute philosopher," but—what minute philosophers seldom are—a strictly logical one; and it is not too much to say that his thoughtful little volume is very nearly a model of what a monograph should be. One has very rarely seen completeness and compactness so entirely reconciled.

Perhaps it is fortunate for most of our local traditions that antiquarians are not often so severely inductive as Mr. Puckle. Dover has for centuries attributed its fortress-church either to King Lucius in the second century, or to Eadbald, son of Ethelbert. Mr. Puckle unconsciously takes to breaking the bricks, and finds internal evidence that they are not Roman. He discovers a lot of colite in the jambs, and disposes of Eadbald by the hardest of arguments. On poor King Lucius he is unmerciful; and it happens, oddly enough, that Lucius's authenticity has been as stoutly maintained by Protestant as by Roman Catholic polemics. To the former, he has been an indubitable proof of the existence of an "early British Church" free from the Apostolical succession that traces its line through Augustine. To the latter, he is Lucius son of Coll, grandson of Arviragus, the son of Guiderius, the son of Cunobelin, the son of Mandubratius, the nephew of Cassivelaunus, who sent to Rome for laws and a religion. He ac-

knowledge the papal authority of Eleutherius; and, "out of the particular regard he had for Dover Castle, erected, in honour of Christ and for his worship, a magnificent church on the top of the hill on which the castle is built; appointed three priests to perform Divine service in it, and assigned for their maintenance the toll paid by shipping." One gets a notion that the endowment, in those times, must have been slightly precarious, and unpleasantly dependent upon the practical proviso "if you can get it"—not altogether equal, in the way of security, to tithe and glebe. Still, as Lucius was considerably anterior to the *Donatio Constantini*, and as the church is there to speak for itself—while Eleutherius, under the Emperors of the second century, must have been a sort of Dissenting minister, not altogether in comfortable circumstances—it is just possible that the castle-yard of Dover was, after all, the original seat of the temporal power, and the Seven Hills only an happy afterthought. Mr. Puckle, however, with the help of bricks and mortar, has entirely demolished the ecclesiastical stronghold of King Lucius, and relegated him to the shades of Mandubratius, Brute, and the rest of the Pre-Adamites, Christian and other. It is accomplished with the help of the tiles. The real Roman tile, when broken, shows

on its newly exposed edge the deep colour and pure material very distinctly, as well as the peculiar texture resulting from the careful treatment of the clay and the expulsion of all gritty and non-homogeneous ingredients. It has a kind of smoothed and flaky appearance that may best be compared with the undercrust of a large household loaf well baked in a brick oven; the smooth flakes and rich colour running uniformly through the tile. Tiles imitated from these, though not very much perhaps subsequent to their date, are of very different kind; with matter of more gritty and calcined appearance, they have dark, ashy-looking streaks mixed in them, and are very variable in the colour and substance of even the same tile. So that we might compare them, not to a thick good crust, but to a burnt crumplet with ashes fallen into it.

The analysis speaks for itself. The simile, though a homely one, is better than it seems; for, after all, clay and dough are almost the only two things that vary exactly with their kneading and baking—unless we were acquainted with the mysteries of the manufacture of paste-diamonds. But we protest against the use of "non-homogeneous." In the work of a scholar—which the book manifestly is—the word is what we suppose we must henceforth call a *non-omaly*. While we are fault-finding, let us beg that, in future editions, a misprint in the description of the frontispiece may be corrected; it is the eastward, not the westward, view of the church that is presented. Let us petition also for a drawing of the interior of the church as restored.

Mr. Puckle is as minute in his analysis of mortar as in that of tiles. There is the "tawny-coloured, mixed in the proportion of four parts of sharp grit to one of lime;" the "salmon-coloured, one part of lime mixed with four of more or less finely powdered Roman brick," both used in the (unquestionably Roman) substructure of the Pharos; and the mortar which is uniformly used throughout the church, consisting of "three parts of a mixture of fine sharps and gravel with one part of lime and one of sand." This latter "produces a sort of concrete, paler and less hard than either of those used in the Roman work; but still with so much of resemblance to them as to hint (like the bricks) at the lessons after which it had been made. Though distinct from that in the Roman walls, it still has more affinity with that than with what is found in remains known to be of Anglo-Saxon foundation." In a word, the absence of tufa (which is almost the staple material of the Pharos), the presence of green sandstone and flints, and the peculiarities of the tiles and mortar, disprove King Lucius altogether; while the presence of an oolite which is found in two Roman columns from the Reculvers, and the great superiority of the height and span of the arches and the windows over any known specimen of early Saxon building, equally discredit the claims of Eadbald. Curiously enough, the oolite reappears in some Roman work which was discovered underneath the foundations of Eadbald's church at Lyminge; and it has been wholly unknown in the district since the times of Roman builders.

These are only some of the indications from which Mr. Puckle comes to the conclusion that the Dover church was not built in what we may call the purely Roman centuries; while it must have been built before those of the Saxons. He assigns it to the fourth century, when the lessons of Roman art were not wholly lost, though they were only imperfectly carried out in practice; when British Christianity was active, as is shown by the presence of its Bishops at Continental councils; and when, as Bede expressly tells us, during the long peace that followed the Diocletian persecution and the reign of Constantine, our forefathers *Basilicas sanctorum martyrum fundant, construnt, perficiunt, ac veluti victricia signa passim propalant*. Perhaps the cruciform shape of the church (of which this is probably one of the earliest specimens now existing) marks the period when this type superseded that of the earlier *Basilica* in the strict use of the word. Mr. Puckle has a fondness for imagining that St. Mary's-in-the-Castle was a sort of "Martyrs'-memorial" in memory of St. Alban and the British Worthies—possibly because another Martyrs'-memorial was the foundation of Mr. Scott's great reputation. Mr. Pugin on one occasion called this latter "painfully faultless"; he would hardly have said so of that at Dover, which has not a right angle about it, and of which the arches do not by any means concentrate among themselves, though they are immensely superior to such Saxon arches as we possess. Mr. Puckle confirms a notion which we got long ago from some old doorways in the North of England—which, belonging to fabrics too poor to invite demolition,

\* *The Church and Fortress of Dover Castle*. By the Rev. John Puckle, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Dover; with Illustrations from the Author's Drawings. Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1864.



have probably remained unmutated—that the Saxons, at all events for some centuries, had only vague notions of the use of the arch at all, and in their handling of stone mainly followed the rules they had applied to the manipulation of wood.

We must leave our readers to gather from the volume itself the details of the history of the church. Eadbald, though not its founder, enriched the fabric with a few quoins, and possibly a screen, of Caen stone, and added a foundation for a number of canons, variously stated from six to twenty-two. These were afterwards transferred from the Castle to the town, and ultimately merged in the great Augustinian Priory of St. Martin. Under the Conqueror the fortress became one of primary importance, and an interesting document is given at length, entrusting the custody of the Castle to a constable and a confederacy of knights, who performed the duties in turn. For this service Hubert de Burgh substituted a money-payment from the knights, and the employment of a permanent garrison, and entrusted the charge of the Castle to a deputy-constable, his own office becoming an honorary appointment, something like that of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports which has succeeded it. The "Statutes of Dover Castle promulgated in the reign of Henry III., and in due course declared in the time of Sir Stephen de Pencestre, Constable," are given, so far as the fragment extends, and are of much interest. One of them explains a little point in the arrangement of the old church which at first was found very perplexing by the explorers:—

In clearing the inner face of the whole western gable, and after opening a low Norman doorway close to the north wall, there appeared the small round-headed opening which is close to the right jamb as you enter the building. It was difficult to divine the meaning of such an aperture, having about the size and appearance of a buttery hatch, deprived of any light by the adjacent Pharos, and useless for any purpose for which a window would commonly be made. The arrangement was too peculiar not to have had some particular intention; and what might that intention be? The old statute, No. 9, providing for "the keeping of the lights not within the chancel," tells the tale. It was the military lychnoscope. Placed just at an average head-level for persons passing to and from the lower chamber of the Pharos, then serving as a guard-room, it was exactly the means by which the serjeant and guard elected for the purpose might, without too much distraction from other duties and pastimes, keep an eye upon the lights burning within the part of the Church depending on their care. The little window has been restored in its old position; but, without this explanation few persons passing the west door would take it to be the curious remnant it really is of joint church and military discipline in the days of our Plantagenet Kings.

This is just one of the neat effective bits of archaeological tact, dovetailing a scrap of a torn fragment of parchment into an unintelligible bit of masonry, that make the difference between Mr. Puckle's book and the general run of such works. There is a sort of stone-logic about it throughout which is especially to our taste, and which makes its pages to be not less an intellectual treat than a valuable contribution to literature. We regret that we have no room for an account of the little military altar itself (of early English date), or of the successive enlargements of the Castle, or of the Suffragan Bishops, or of a very curious exhumation which throws considerable light on mediæval legends about "the odour of sanctity," or of a dozen other matters of interest which Mr. Puckle manages to discuss very agreeably in the short space of 132 pages. It is enough to say that no one can visit the Castle and its Church hereafter without being very sensible of the value of his work.

#### GREEK AND LATIN COMPOSITION.\*

THE subject of Greek and Latin composition, in verse and in prose, original and translated, has been brought of late into unusual prominence by the Report of the Public Schools Commissioners, and by the debates consequent upon it in both Houses of Parliament. We by no means intend to go into the details of this question, such as that of the due proportion between composition original and translated, on which the Commissioners have bestowed some attention. We will only observe incidentally on this point, that Mr. Hayman (Introd. p. xv.) has given a sense to the word "composition" which is new since "our time." He says it technically means "prose translation." We have always understood "composition" to mean, in school and college language, that which is original, whether in prose or verse. But on the general question we are disposed to agree with Lord Lyttelton, that it in truth depends on the prior one, whether Greek and Latin shall, as languages, be studied in the most effective way; and we agree with him that at least one strong argument, in this view, for keeping up the practice of writing in the classical tongues, is to be drawn from its attractiveness to very many of the boys and youths from whom it is required, and the additional pleasure which it enables them to feel in this part of their studies. It is true that of those (not, be it remembered, a large number) who do retain, in after life, some pleasure in classical reading, only a few are found to keep up the skill or the habit of classical writing; and we look with wonder more than with sympathy on such a case as that of James Duport, of whom it is said that the older he grew, and the more troubles and misfortunes he met with, the more he wrote Latin verses. But that much of the benefit, whatever it may be, that is derived to the mental culture of youth from an accurate linguistic knowledge of Greek and Latin, would be lost if they ceased to write in those languages, we feel no doubt. Accordingly, we feel indebted to those who take pains to set

before our scholars good examples of what is attainable in this way. It is true, as Dr. Whewell has pointed out, that there is a danger of students setting before them such modern models rather than the famous ones of ancient days. But it must be observed that we are speaking mainly of translation rather than original composition, as indeed we are bound to do by the character of the volume before us. And of actual translation, distinct from imitation, there is hardly an instance to be found in the remains of the genuine classical times. Is there one, except the fragmentary version of a fragment, by Catullus from Sappho?

Now, without deciding on the general question, above adverted to, of Composition *versus* Translation, it is obvious that in some respects the latter has some clear advantages for ordinary use. Among them is what we have just noted, that it presents models less out of reach, so to speak, than are the great masters of original composition. A boy is told to copy none inferior to these. But Homer and the Georgics, Sophocles and Horace, Tacitus and Thucydides, are *inarrivabili*; whereas translation (though no doubt it has difficulties of its own) is of narrower range. He can see the mechanism of it more readily; it has been done by many others before him; and, in the absence of the inventive genius needed for that other task, experience and practice may promise to him, too, a fair measure of success.

Mr. Hayman has for many years been engaged in one or other of our classical schools, and has thereby had the opportunities of cultivating Greek and Latin versification which have been used with such eminent success by other distinguished teachers—by Dr. Hawtrey, Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Kynaston, and others. As regards a considerable part of his work, we conceive that Mr. Hayman deserves to be placed fully on a level with these formidable rivals. There are, indeed, some masterpieces which, in our judgment, he has not approached. We cannot parallel his productions with Mr. Merivale's *Hyperion*—as we conceive, the very crown and apex of all such efforts—with Mr. R. C. Jebb's (we believe unpublished) pieces, or with some of Mr. Hugh Monro's or Mr. T. Evans's versions in the *Arundines Cami* and the *Sabrina Corolla*. But this list is a short one, and we should not be inclined to add greatly to it. Mr. Hayman has bravely appended to his Table of Contents a long (but yet imperfect) list of his predecessors in translations of several passages. He says (Introd. p. xx.) that this is not "to provoke comparisons;" which, however, in many cases, he need not dread. On the other hand, the author's modesty has led him, in one respect, to aim at something lower than he might easily have achieved. His book is called *Exercises*; it consists of specimens, for the use of students, of versions from extracted passages. We cannot but wish that, instead of this, he had given us complete renderings of integral poems. Many of his pieces are fragments from celebrated and beautiful works; and we think that true lovers of the art would have found far more pleasure, and the youths whose interests Mr. Hayman has consulted not less benefit, in full versions of those works, than in these scattered, often very short, selections.

Of the several divisions of the book we should say, that the Greek versions are of great and uniform, though not pre-eminent, merit; the Latin elegiacs excellent; the Latin hexameters still better, and, indeed, in many parts hardly surpassed; the Latin Lyrics, with a few partial exceptions, strangely inferior to the rest of the work.

Our space will not allow us to quote more than the smallest fraction of what we might bring forward in terms of praise almost unqualified. We give one specimen of Greek hexameters, and one of Greek iambs:—

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:  
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.  
A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
Yet I thy best will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."  
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept  
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

Τὸν δ' ἄρα θαρσύνων προσέφη θεράπων Ἑρμῆος·  
"οὐχὶ φίλοις, Φάναξ, αἰ φίλων ἀπο μόνον λῆγᾳ  
ἔνθα λιπεῖν, δεινὸν δὲ κορὸς χάλκῳ διδύκεται·  
καὶ γὰρ ῥ' ἔλεος ἔχων σμικρὴ μέγαλ' ἀν' βλαστήει.  
πάντα δ' ἰγὼ μάλα σοὶ τελίσσω νόον, ἥδη φηλάω  
ὅσα βίδω, καὶ ρεῖ' ἀπαλίσσωμαι ἀγγέλος αἵτης."  
ἦ ἄν καὶ ἐκ νηοῦ καταστραβόντος ὄρουσιν,  
βῆ δὲ δι' αὐλῆς ὅθι σήματα φῆνε σέληνι,  
ὅσπερ αἰ σθμίνων τὸ πρῶν γε παλῶρια κείτο  
ἥρων· λυγρὸ δ' αἶν' ἐπὶ Ζήφυρος κελάδῃσιν  
ποντοῖον, δερνύεις δ' ἐπ' ἀφρός κίχυν' ἤλυθα πουλῆς.  
αὐτὰρ ὁ γ' ἤλθ' ἀν' ὁδοῦς καταβάς μάλα παισιλοῖσας,  
πολλὰ δ' ἐνὶ σπλάγχθοις παρὰ τὰς δόχμ' αἰ' ἤλθεν,  
εἰς ὃ κ' ἐκ μαρμαρίνης ἐπὶ λίμνης ἦντο πύκτον.

Learn.—Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,  
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

\* *Exercises in Translation from English Poetry into Greek and Latin Verse.* By Henry Hayman, B.D. London: David Nutt. 1864.

What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night; do not laugh at me;  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cordelia*.—And so I am, I am.

*Learn*.—Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith, I pray, weep not.  
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

ΑΕΑΡ. μὴ σῶμα θύσθαι πρὸς θεῶν γέροντ' ἐμὶ·  
ξίνοιδα ληρῶν καὶ βίβαιοι ὧν φρίνας,  
οἷ' ὀδοῖσαντ' ἢ πλῖον ζήσας ἐτη.  
φῶτος δὲ μὴ νοῦν, ὡς ἀπλῶ λόγῳ, σφαλὲς  
τύχῳ· δοκῶ γὰρ, σ' εἰδέναι διον τίς εἰ,  
καὶ τόνδ', ἀθελῆν· οὐδὲ γὰρ μνήμων τόπον  
τοῦδ' εἴμι πάντως· οὐδὲ νοῦν ἔχω φράσαι  
σάδῃ τίς ἦδ'· ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὅσον τυχῶν λήχους  
χθίς ἐξενίσθην· ἀλλὰ μὴ γυγελᾶν μοι  
ἔχειν δοκοῦντι παῖδά μου Κορδελίαν,  
εἰ πονεῖ καὶ ζῶ γ' αὐτὸς, οὐδ' ἄλλην τινα,  
γυναικα ταύτην.

ΚΟΡΔΗΛΙΑ. ἄλλ' ἔχεις μ' ἔχεις, πατήρ.

ΑΕ. μὴν ὅμ' ἔτρεξας; νῆ Δι'· ἀλλὰ μὴ σὺ μοι·  
ἀλλ' εἰ τι μοι σὺ φαρμάκων ἔχεις, πύιν  
θίλω τόδ'· εἰδᾶ σ' ὡς ἔμ' οὐ φιλεῖς, κόρη,  
ὀμναιμὸν γάρ—τὸ τόδ' ἰμνήσθην—σίδην,  
ἔμ' ἠδίκησαν· αἰδῶ μὴν ἀνάτιον,  
σὺ δ' αἰτιον μίρος τι.

A similar selection from the elegiacs and hexameters is difficult, and we are compelled to take such as combine beauty with excellence:—

But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes mourn.  
The willows and the hazel copses green  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear  
When first the whitethorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Ah, conversa tuo decessu tempora, pastor,  
Quem via in aeternum non remeanda tulit!  
Te silvae et cava saxa gemunt, quot lenta racemis  
Labrusca obduxit, quot loca flore thyma;  
Nulla repercussae vocis requievit imago,  
Quin saxa excenterent verba suprema tibi.  
Non plaudent foliis posthac coryleae canenti,  
Non gestire pia visa salicis coma.  
Qualis obest vermis depulsa in pascua caprae,  
Exedit aut teneras pestis amara rosas,  
Quale gelu sensit veris modo conscia florum  
Copia, vix pictos ausa aperire sinus;  
Induit ut flores cythis; tua talia fata;  
Sic, Lycida, sortes audit ovile tuas.

The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,  
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,  
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,  
And mountain-ash, the mother of the spear.  
The mourner yew, and builder oak were there:  
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,  
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,  
And laurels, which the gods for conqu'ring chiefs ordain;  
How they were rank'd shall rest untold by me,  
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree:  
Nor how the Dryads, and the woodland train,  
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain;  
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,  
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd;  
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright  
Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.

Exurgens viridem simulabat fabrica sylvam;  
Tum fomes flammæ sulfur, sparumque bitumen  
Intererat tandis; abies ibi pinguis, et ornus  
Hastarum genitrix, flentique similima taxus,  
Atque opifex quercus, fagus quoque, et aptior alnus  
Fluctibus, et platani, et tilie, mollissima ligna,  
Et baxus prodrata, Deorum et munere laurus  
Victori concessa aderant: sed nil moror ordo  
Qui fuerit memorare, aut que sine nomine nymphae  
Sylvarum quæque incoherent, qualive ululatu  
Exilium sylvestre sororiorum agmina ducent  
Fugerit orba Dryas latebris; nec dicere versu  
Sedibus eversis oculum mutasse volucres,  
Aut profugas stupuisse feras sua lustra carere  
Fronibus; aut jubar immissum formidine lucis  
Quot loca perculerit non ante obnoxia soli.

In the latter division, however, we may refer to, though we cannot quote, Nos. XLI. XLII. LIV. LVI. LVII. LXII. and LXIII.

Of the Lyrics, a few of the Asclepiad measures (pp. 212—245) seem to us somewhat better than the rest; but on the whole, as we have said, they appear singularly below the other parts of the work, both in poetical expression and in rhythm. In particular, we cannot but say this of the versions in the noblest of all the Lyric metres, the Alcaic; and as to the rhythm, we must venture strongly to protest against the excessive number of third lines of this stanza, abnormally constructed, which Mr. Hay-

man has introduced. We need not explain our meaning, which is obvious to every scholar. The normal line is such as this (p. 209):—

*Turpive pallescant veterino.*

The abnormal (*ibid*):—

*Per latiores imbre campos.*

This is a retrogression in modern practice. We have seen a set of Cambridge Prize Poems of last century, in which perhaps the majority of Alcaic stanzas contained such lines, besides many corresponding liberties in the first and second lines; but it is the pride of more recent scholarship to adhere far more closely to the Horatian type. We are quite aware that there are several examples in Horace which Mr. Hayman can allege; but, as is well known, they are much fewer in the later and more perfect Odes than in the earlier ones, and, taking all together, they are in very much smaller proportion than in this volume. The mere occurrence of such lines in Horace is very inadequate authority. No one would venture to copy such a line as—

*Sors exitura, et nos in aeternum*

any more than he would—

*Audivere, Lyce, Di mea vota, Di.*

There is no Etonian, or pupil of Mr. Tate of Richmond, who will not have his feelings wounded by the frequent appearance of these halting lines.

Perhaps such notices as the present, to be serviceable, should as far as possible indicate single points which seem to need reconsideration, in which we will accordingly very briefly employ our remaining space.

Mr. Merivale in *Hyperion*, Mr. Greswell and Lord Lyttelton in their *Comus*, each had one false quantity. Mr. Hayman, we conceive, has not escaped. *Antea*, as he well knows, is a cretic in Horace and Catullus. What authority has he for it as a dactyl? (p. 65)—(of course he cannot mean it as a spondee by contraction). He seems misled by the etymology, *ante* *ea*.

He has, indeed, two false quantities in p. 123; but they are deliberately so. He courageously attempts to justify them by saying that he has transformed the words into proper names. With this we must deal as with the passage in his excellent Introduction (p. xxxii.), where he presents us with the word "muchness," saying "if it be pardonable." We must take the liberty to assure him that it is not.

We can only touch, without argument, on a very few other defects, as we judge, taking them in the order in which they come. We object to *μοι* in the beginning of a clause (p. 11); to the anapest after a dactyl in iambics, which is unheard of (p. 27, line 20); to such an elision as "Tristitia ipsa" in the latter half of a pentameter (p. 67), to the rhythm of "Longè aliâ regina fruebar" (p. 103), and to the use of "sua" in p. 215, which seems to us ungrammatical. By the laws of the reflex it belongs to *quis*, not to *pueris*.

The Greek accents appear, on the whole, very correctly placed; but in this difficult branch of the correction of the press, as well as in others, Mr. Hayman will still have something to do in a second edition. We suppose that the omission of the last two lines of the English in p. 56 is accidental.

We conclude with assuring our readers that they will find very much to admire in the earlier part of the book, which we have not even alluded to; and with repeating our suggestion to Mr. Hayman, that he should gird himself to the integration of his versions of some of the many immortal poems of which he has only given us fragments, such as Tennyson's "Ulysses," "Ginevere," and "Enone," the "Allegro," "Penseroso," or "Comus," and Macaulay's "Lays."

#### MORE SECRETS THAN ONE.

THIS tale is so decidedly able, and likely, we should think, to prove so powerfully attractive to a large circle of readers, that we shall be justified in chiefly confining our remarks upon it to a criticism of its defects. Mr. Holl's immediate popularity is not likely to be diminished by any strictures we may here offer; but, on the other hand, we have a sufficiently high opinion of his discernment to hope that he may by degrees become discontented with that popularity. Impartial criticism will do him a good service if it induces him to make his next work more worthy of his abilities, and to advance (as he might well do) claims to a more discriminating admiration than that which *More Secrets than One* has very likely already secured.

To begin with the character of David Clements—cashiered clerk, betting man by profession, a person "whose hands won't go and whose mainspring is out of order," as his kinsman, the watchmaker, characteristically observes—Mr. Holl has produced in him a malicious, complete, and unredeemed villain. Now, it is open to question, we imagine, how far a perfect villain ought to find place at all in a composition such as the novel. It might be plausibly urged that the perfect villain is a tragic character, and that tragedy is the only proper field for its representation. However, not to go quite so far in this direction, the more reasonable position is that the thorough-paced ruffian should be sparingly introduced into prose fiction, and introduced at all only under certain conditions. He is unquestionably a tragic character; and one of

\* *More Secrets than One*. A Novel. By Henry Holl, Author of "The King's Mail," "The Old House in Crosby Square," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1864.



these conditions is, that the rest of the picture shall be filled up in keeping—in other words, that the novel shall be raised and expanded so as itself to attain something of the proportions of tragedy. *Romola* supplies a conspicuous, and perhaps the best, instance of this process. In evolving the tale of Tito's villainy, the authoress has spread a canvas large enough to embrace the most stirring period in Florentine history, together with a full length of Savonarola. We are not now speaking of the correctness of her drawing, but of the justness of her design; and we hold that even as it is—notwithstanding the care she has taken to enlarge and ennoble her picture—the character of Tito still throws too sombre a shade across it. How much more when an evil character is set before us, isolated and awful in the completeness of its mischievous capacity and the dogged persistency of its injurious will, yet moving and working among common scenes and, on the whole, among common people. It is of no use to answer that "such things are." Quite beside the mark it is to explain that Iagos and Count Cenci may be found as "plentiful as blackberries" among men who never move far outside the shadow of St. Paul's, and never mix with people of more consequence than burglars, pickpockets, and costermongers of doubtful integrity. The question is, not what is, but what is to be introduced and represented in fiction. Because a thing exists, it does not therefore follow that it is fit for representation by artistic means. We do not ask for exact pictures of the banks of the Thames at low water, or of the pavement of Ludgate Hill on a drizzly day, or of the inside of a slaughterhouse, or of a railway carriage in which a deadly struggle has taken place. We turn with disgust from pathological drawings as pictures, and should laugh in the face of any one who tried to set up a defence of their artistic claims on the ground that "such things are." It cannot be too often reiterated that there are considerable portions of human life, and various developments of human character, which can never be brought within the legitimate scope of art at all. And when the debatable ground is approached, and objects of terror or detestation are represented, the scene should be prepared accordingly. One of our complaints, then, against Mr. Holl is, that he has described a character of tragical viciousness and malice without duly fulfilling a necessary condition in such delineations, which is, that the general action shall be raised to something at least bordering on a tragic level.

Another condition to which Mr. Holl has, in our opinion, inadequately conformed, is the condition of relief. The perfect villain is an insufferable object unless the picture be properly relieved. Relief may be secured in two ways—either by investing the villain himself with picturesqueness, or by the suitable by-play of subordinate characters. Scott, as we are all aware, understood perfectly how to make a villain picturesque, and knew the advantage gained by doing so. But what, except a detestable exaggeration of his hideousness, is to be found in the accessories of a loathing scoundrel whose highest ambition is to cut a figure in the Parks or at racing meetings, seated behind "a bit of blood," and attired in the flashiest sporting mode; and whose loftiest vision of bliss is Greenwich, "with a little bit of whitebait, salmon cutlets, and water *souche*, with ducks to follow, and no end of champagne and hock"? The naked depravity and malice of this fellow are powerfully—almost too powerfully—contrasted with the proud beauty and dignity of his injured wife, and the honest soundness and *haut courage* of the man in the pea-jacket—generous John Dymes, the hard-hitter, the redresser of grievances, the good *vagus Hercules* of the tale. But there is no due relief supplied by subordinate characters to Mr. Clements' loathsome figure. The only approach to anything of the kind is made in the person of Mr. Puddifant, the excellent clock and watch maker who had married the sporting man's sister, and would have been enabled to "go into the whole-sale" instead of perpetually doing the humbler tasks of "repairing and regulating by contract," had not the money which was to have set him up been lost upon his graceless brother-in-law. But even Mr. Puddifant forms too strong a contrast with the evil man, and fails to divert the attention from his monstrous brutality and selfishness. It may as well be stated here, lest we should be suspected of painting Mr. Holl's dark figure in blacker colours than really belong to him, that Mr. David Clements, while still a merchant's clerk and a novice, manages to reduce his toiling old father to beggary by abstracting a round sum from his employers' till, and rendering necessary the step of forfeiting his security deposit. Having persuaded a remarkably handsome and high-minded woman to become his wife, he begins and carries through a systematic course of refined bullying, totally neglecting to stir a finger in her support, yet animated by a fiendish jealousy, and suspicious of every move she makes. He does his best to ruin a small child of three years old, their only son, and at last, by insane pampering and afterwards by utter neglect, brings him to his grave. A turn of luck at the Cambridgeshire Stakes puts him in possession of a very considerable sum of money. But, so far from being altered for the better by prosperity, he continues to neglect or persecute his wife until she leaves him altogether and earns her bread out of his reach, and he contents himself with making his old father the valuable present of a waterproof coat and a new sou'wester. He then embarks his winnings in a sharking concern called the "Mutual Loan and Discount Association," and forcibly abducts his wife's daughter by a former marriage in the desperate hope of breaking the mother's spirit. His wretched life is opportunely brought to an end by a fall from his dogcart, not, however, before the perpetration of a great many more characteristic acts which need not be enumerated.

Another of the blemishes that disfigure these extremely clever volumes is Mr. Holl's intense fondness for literary photography—a species of composition in which Mr. Sala is, we suppose, the most eminent master. It must become, with a little practice, tolerably easy to write; but it is distressingly tedious to read. A man's dress must be symbolical indeed if it really requires the minute description which some of these verbal photographers allow it. And there seems always to be some temptation towards setting the camera at loathsome and repulsive subjects. Better draw the dust on the beggar boy's foot than photograph the sallow, gin-redolent features, and the wire-like beard, and the lank hair, and the expansive millinery and jewellery of Mr. Natty Binna, the horsey man. The photographic system also encourages continual efforts at poking small fun, until even a writer as clever as Mr. Holl runs away with remarkably strange notions about what is fun and what is not. The following, for example, is not really an amusing way of announcing that Brentford town-clock had struck twelve, though, at the time of penning it, we dare say that it seemed so to the writer:—

Twelve o'clock! And Brentford town hall had done its best, and worst, in letting people know it; which, considering the claims made upon its time (having to do double duty as a petty sessions for the administering justice, and as a county court for the adjusting petty debts), was highly commendable in it, and deserves to be recorded.

There really is no saying to what length a novel might not be spun out by artifices of this kind, nor can they be regarded as in any degree worthy of a writer who has so many resources at his command as the author of *More Secrets than One*. Sterne ran riot among fancies which led to a monstrous elongation of his stories; but, though he would dare to write a chapter on anything and on nothing, and to lay a blank page before his readers, challenging them to divine the secret contained in it, he would hardly have ventured to risk his reputation for wit on the funny photographic style of composition.

We have already said that, carrying the marks of its ability on the surface, Mr. Holl's book is strong and vigorous enough to bear very free criticism. It would not, however, be fair to preserve total silence about its good points. In the first place, the author really *draws* his characters. If something of exaggeration hangs, in a greater or less degree, about all of them, they still have the merit of living and moving and speaking, which is more than can be said for a large number of the characters in modern fiction. A little too much, for instance, is given us on the subject of John Dymes' pea-jacket, and his fondness for "cold without" and a pipe or two before addressing himself to the arduous task of "thinking." But we feel throughout that he is no mere man of straw, padded out with waifs and strays from the stock repository of romance. He has been thoroughly and distinctly conceived by his describer, and the same is the case with Clements' beautiful and dignified wife. Jagers, the itinerant photographer, is a sketch of minor consequence; but we look upon him as perhaps the best hit Mr. Holl has made in the book. He is a good-tempered and amusing fellow, beguiling the Brentford crowd by his voluble eloquence, and cheating in a very venial manner. His van boasts a couple of curtained windows, imparting, as Mr. Jagers said, "an air of Belgravia to the meanest neighbourhood"; and a set of *cartes* representing crowned heads and their belongings justify the announcement over the door, in fine gold letters, of "Joseph Jagers, Photographer in Ordinary to the Royal Family." We dare say that it did not escape Mr. Holl's notice that he has in this character appropriated the name of a prominent legal personage in Mr. Dickens' *Great Expectations*. We presume that he had his own reasons for doing so, and it is at any rate a point of very small importance.

In conclusion, we recommend to Mr. Holl the experiment of a novel of smaller dimensions, descriptions of places and characters being liberally cut down. His originality and graphic power are capable, if properly husbanded and directed, of producing a work that will live.

#### NORWAY.\*

TO many people the recurrence of the necessity of going somewhere for so many weeks or months every year is rather a bore than a pleasure. They cannot afford to take their grown-up daughters trooping over the Continent, unless they patronize the gentleman who takes one to Italy and back for ten pounds, and this their national regard alike for caste and comfort renders impossible. If they pretend to go on the Continent and quarter themselves at Dieppe, hotel-bills soon mount up, and the young people derive no particular advantage from being abroad except that of airing their knowledge of the language by talking to waiters who would understand English much more easily than boarding-school French. Then, again, they are tired to death of English watering-places, whose every resource they have exhausted long ago. Bachelors and wealthy heads of families need never be at any loss in deciding where to seek health and amusement after the toils of the working year; but people with moderate incomes, and what to an outsider seems an unpleasantly large number of marriageable daughters, really deserve some sympathy. They cannot keep going to the same places year after year, and to stay at home they are ashamed. To this unfortunate class Mr. Elton's views upon

\* *Norway, the Road and the Fell*. By Charles Elton. London and Oxford: J. H. & J. Parker.

travelling in Norway will open an entirely new future. Everybody has long known that Norway is a capital country for sportsmen, or indeed for anybody who is a good walker and can bear roughing it upon occasion, but it is only recently that its fitness to meet feminine notions of what constitutes enjoyment has been at all recognised. A few persons have made the discovery that ladies can be taken to Norway without being subjected to any remarkable inconveniences, and with the certainty of seeing a good deal that is interesting and amusing which cannot be seen anywhere else. Complete specimens of the English family, including mothers and daughters, may now be found in tolerable abundance in various parts of Norway during the summer and autumn months; and, according to Mr. Elton, Englishwomen are about as common in Norway at present as adventurous University men were seven or eight years ago. In fact, it is not improbable that, in the course of as many years more, Norway will be as popular as Switzerland or the Rhine. Meanwhile, those sensible persons who prefer seeing a country, in the very few instances where they can find it, before Cockney invaders have made the prices extortionate and the people impostors, will do well not to lose time. As yet we may visit Norway without hearing the wailer mutter behind the door that we are "mad Englishers," "pigs of Englishmen," or "Godams," and without being invariably supposed to live on *bistlik* and *portare-bière*. The fatal national secret has indeed oozed out, and the unbounded wealth of every Briton is rapidly becoming a matter of general presumption—a conviction that will, no doubt, be followed by the universal growth of a spirit of robbery and extortion. "On the whole, we are both liked and indulged by our Norsk cousins," Mr. Elton says; and we can only hope, not without misgiving, that such flattering sentiments may be still further encouraged by further acquaintance. Strange to say, tourists in Norway so far overcome the tourist instinct as actually to fraternize, and uncommonly pleasant parties gather at nights round the kitchen fire, as if the people who compose them were Irishmen, or affable bagmen, instead of being English gentlemen and ladies. The great social duty of the English in Norway would seem to consist in protesting against any tendencies to overcharge. The Swiss hotel-keepers may serve as an example of what English profusion generates in the people who live on it, and it is really worth while for travellers to take some trouble to prevent the same state of things from coming to pass in Norway. On one occasion, a farmer's wife told Mr. Elton that, being English, he must expect to be fleeced accordingly. "Norse folk are poor, English folk are rich, and you shall pay in proportion." And, another time, a Norwegian servant travelling with an Englishman volunteered to furnish him with a guide across the mountains. He accordingly gave Mr. Elton a letter to some friend of his, which, upon being translated, began as follows:—"The man who brings this letter is in want of a guide to Lom. He is English, and will pay anything we ask, so charge him twenty specie dollars." The proper pay for the guide's three days' walk was from 1½ to 2 dollars, and the sum suggested by his zealous friend would have been between four and five pounds. Mr. Elton is quite right in saying that the secret of "our snobbish prodigality in poor countries" is not any peculiar fondness for spending money or passing ourselves off as *grands seigneurs*, but a very intelligible reluctance to haggle with mean or rough people. And, as a rule, one had much better stay at home than spoil pleasure by constant haggling. Still a man must follow a philosophy of a very curious kind who can feel quite comfortable in the enjoyment of things for which he knows he is paying an outrageous price. Perhaps the great majority of people who travel do not follow any philosophy at all; they put a certain quantity of money in their pockets to travel so many hundred miles, and return home quite happy in the consciousness of having duly spent the money and honourably seen every sight. Travellers of this sort do not get very much good from their explorations, and they do an immense amount of harm. Mr. Elton, with one or two exceptions, seems not to have found very much of the dishonesty which these mischievous people encourage. He gives us a sample of fair Norwegian prices as laid down in the Government tariff. A room without a fire is sixpence, and for fire and lights an extra fourpence; breakfast of reindeer, fried potatoes, and coffee is ninepence; and dinner—consisting, we suspect, of much the same—is only threepence more. A bottle of London stout or a bottle of sherry comes to a couple of shillings, while claret is half-a-crown and port three shillings. Food and stabling for a horse are fivepence-halfpenny a day. Of course the innkeepers are not always in reality so moderate as the tariff enjoins them to be; but even if these prices were doubled, travelling in Norway would still remain comparatively inexpensive. This only applies to the country districts, for at Christiania the price of everything is so high that the thrifty tourist is recommended to beat a retreat from it as speedily as possible.

It is perhaps desirable that ladies should be warned that travelling in Norway requires a certain amount of strength of mind. The hardships which they may be called upon to endure are not at all of the perilous kind, are scarcely even picturesque, but they have at all events the merit of breaking very thoroughly the monotonous routine of respectable life in London. For example, Mr. Elton, accompanied by his wife, got to Bjøberg late at night, and found the house full. The landlord was not particularly willing to entertain them, but at last suggested that they might pass the night in a loft already occupied by "several forbidding-looking roughs." A Norwegian *advocatus juris* was fast asleep in the guest-room, but it at length appeared that there was a closet beyond, so that the *advocatus* was summarily aroused, and

the travellers took possession of their little cabinet. They were dreadfully hungry, but as the landlord would provide nothing, they were obliged to dine on gooseberry-jam and sardines, with neat brandy to wash them down. A second room, even of the smallest dimensions, is a luxury by no means always to be met with; and at Loordal five people besides the travellers had to sleep in one small room, into which moreover protruded the legs of a little boy and a girl sleeping in a damp cupboard without a door. In the matter of provisions there are worse things than sardines and jam, and Mr. Elton was once reduced, while going over the mountains from Nystuen to Romsdal, to the point of feeling very grateful for some deer's lungs which he found in a bucket. He declares that "the lights" tasted exceedingly good, and that the water in which they had been boiled—which, by a comforting euphemism, he calls reindeer-soup—was wonderfully refreshing. It is not advisable to entrust a Norwegian landlady to stock your knapsack without supervision, or you may find, in your hour of need, that a dried leg of lamb as hard as that wooden joint with which the patentees of roasting apparatus illustrate their inventions, and a piece of raw and rancid bacon, were thought the most palatable of dainties for a hungry pedestrian. The perils of pedestrianism, however, are not those which many ladies will care to encounter; and in an ordinary trip up the country, want of food need not be feared, because the party, if they are judicious, manage their own commissariat department. "Preserved meats, hermetically sealed, are the best sort of food to take, with a few pots of mock-turtle soup, some tea, brandy, and arrowroot." The tea is the only thing that cannot be got as well in Norway as in Piccadilly. A Norwegian firm carried off a prize for preserved meats at the London Exhibition two years ago, so that there need be no doubts on this point. Preserved meats that have been deliberately approved by a jury can surely require no further recommendation. But parties which include ladies will probably not care to run the risk of having to sleep in damp cupboards and dine on dried meats, by wandering over the face of Norway in the promiscuous way which may do very well for sportsmen and undergraduates. Staying quietly in a farmhouse may be less exciting, but it is possible to have too much excitement, where it consists principally in sleeping in the same room with a dozen others and dining on jam. In an ordinary way, an English family will prefer to go to some place up the country where they can either be received *en pension* or can hire the whole house. Mr. Elton assures us that there are many places of this kind, and he maintains that life at one of these farm-houses, "by some grand fiord, or under the brow of snow-tipped fells," affords plenty of variety and amusement. People rise early and enjoy the fresh morning air, which gives them a superb appetite for the fresh eggs, fried pink trout, and stewed venison that are set before them for breakfast. After breakfast, the men of the party, like the mildred of the French caricature, say, "It is fine to-day, let us kill something," and, loosing the dogs, sally forth in search of sport. If they are on an ordinary fell, and can walk tolerably well, they may get half-a-dozen brace to each gun. The game consists of grouse, ptarmigan, snipe, woodcock, and teal, and sometimes they come upon the black woodpecker, so rarely met with in this country. Meanwhile the ladies work by the window, and watch the travellers come in to write their names in the book while the horses are being changed. "Some arrive in phaetons, some in the springless cart of the country called stool-car or chair-carriage. Now and then a leather-trousered red-capped man lounges along, or a string of carriages comes over the hill in Indian file." When they are tired of working, they go and catch the trout in the beck, which are gallant enough to rise greedily, or they may watch the fish caught in traps. Then there are the cows and the dairy, and a score of other things of a similar kind in which ladies are always supposed to take an interest. All this may seem tame enough to people who like to race through the Louvre in an hour and a half, and over all Europe in a fortnight; but it must be very pleasant holiday life, where there is a largish party whose members know how to be agreeable. If the party were very small, or if one of the persons composing it were fractious and discontented—as some people are when away from home—it might become horribly tedious. Yet even then it would be better in many respects than spending three months at a fashionable watering-place. It might be varied by a tour of some eight or ten days, which Mr. Elton has marked out with all the requisite details as to stations (not railway stations, be it understood) and distances. By pursuing this route "a lady may go comfortably through the grandest and most characteristic scenery in the country." Mr. Elton's book is full of useful practical matter of this kind, and it contains besides plenty of information about the history and antiquities of Norway, which travellers are too apt to neglect. It is, in fact, both a very useful guide-book, and a highly entertaining account of the country for those who have never been there and cannot go.

#### THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.\*

ONCE more we have to congratulate the Council of the Arundel Society upon their punctuality, and upon the unusually interesting character of the works which they have provided for their subscribers of the present year. We are truly glad to be able to say, in addition, that there is some novelty in their last publications. The chromo-lithographs this year are only two in number; but we have, in compensation, two admirable line-

\* The Arundel Society's Publications for 1864.



engravings. We are sure that this is good policy. People were getting tired of so many crude and mechanically coloured prints by Messrs. Storch and Kramer, and had begun to want something better. Chromo-lithography is a good enough thing in its way, and the Arundel Society has doubtless succeeded, by this process, in making untravelled persons understand in some degree the general effect of Italian fresco-painting as it may be supposed to have been when it was new. But there was a great danger that these cheap reproductions might vitiate the growing taste for colour; and the necessary "restoration" of each ancient work before it could be copied was felt, by real lovers of art, to be mischievous and misleading. It is on all accounts therefore satisfactory that, this year, line-engraving is put on an equality with the chromo-lithographic process.

We will first speak of Professor Gruner's admirable engraving of the "Conversion of St. Paul," from a pencil drawing made by Signor Conzoni, after Raffaello's tapestry in the Vatican. The tapestry in question was made from a cartoon that is now lost, but which belonged to the well-known series which is the glory of Hampton Court. This design will be especially welcome to many who have no particular sympathy with earlier and more ascetic sacred art. The cartoon is in Raffaello's last manner; full of vigour and marvellously skilful, but rather wanting, perhaps, in the pure simplicity which is so charming in his earlier works. In the middle of the picture, in the sky, is the vision of our Lord, who is shown in half-figure, leaning down from the clouds, encircled, and in fact supported, by four nude boy-angels—we had almost said *amorini*. These are beautifully drawn, and their expression is lovely; but there is a certain absurdity in seeing the outstretched arms of the principal figure borne up by these puny infantine forms—the more so as our Lord's person is drawn with the utmost spirit and power, full of force and vitality. He is represented as leaning down, in rapid motion, with right arm outstretched towards the prostrate apostle, and his lips in the act of addressing him, while his drapery floats in noble folds behind him. The expression of his countenance departs from the conventional type, and is neither very dignified nor very beautiful. On the ground, on one side of the picture, lies Saul, prostrate, while his horse rushes madly away, two attendants trying to stop it. Saul's armour is of the somewhat ungainly Renaissance type which is so familiar to us in the Italian art of that period. Note, for instance, the ugly cheek-pieces attached to the helmet, which in this figure almost destroy the peculiar beauty of the future apostle's face. There seems to us nothing lacking in the countenance and expression of St. Paul himself. The opposite side of the picture is occupied by a panic-stricken group, partly mounted and partly on foot, all very finely designed, but rather "academic" in their general effect and treatment. Damascus, with its walls and innumerable towers, occupies the background, and the middle distance of the air is filled with the pencils of light that radiate from the "heavenly vision." This cartoon deserves to be studied with careful appreciation.

Still more, however, to our mind is the other line-engraving contained in this year's *fasciculus*. This is a lunette, on a much smaller scale, from the series of frescoes, by the Blessed Angelico, in the chapel of Pope Nicholas V. in the Vatican. The subject is St. John the Evangelist, and the engraver is Mr. Stoezel. A companion picture, representing another Evangelist, St. Matthew, from the same chapel, was engraved in the Society's earliest days by Mr. Vernon, and is still to be purchased (we are told) as a separate publication. The apostle's figure is here drawn, in full face, magnificently draped, seated on a cloud, with a pen in his outstretched right hand, and his book of the Gospel closed in his left, while the emblematic eagle appears at his left side. There is a fine mixture of benignity and majesty in St. John's facial expression—the mouth in particular (unlike many of Fra Angelico's faces) showing no traces of weakness. The forehead is bald and pointed, but the side locks are still abundant, and the forked white beard is very long and thick. A conventional nimbus round the head is inscribed with the Evangelist's name, and the whole background of the lunette is filled with radiating light, interspersed with stars.

The large chromo-lithograph for the year—a "Presentation in the Temple," from a fresco by Luini, at Saronno—is by far the most interesting picture we have had from the Society for several years. We are very glad to see so beautiful a specimen of this tender and refined master. Bernardino Luini was a favourite pupil of Leonardo, and, with Borgognone, stood at the head of the Milanese school. This picture bears the author's name, and the date of its execution—1525. The scene is laid inside a magnificent Renaissance building. The architecture itself of this framework is a perfect study, and its reproduction would make the fortune of a so-called classical architect. We need not say that the details are all coloured. The capitals are gilt, and the pilasters picked out with a blueish-grey ground and red mouldings. The pavement is a beautiful design of coloured marbles—large octagons of white and red alternately, with intervening lozenges of black. On one side of the picture is an altar, with a painted reredos, representing (strangely enough) the Creation of Eve from Adam's side, with a fine lunette above it, containing a bust of Moses, with the Tables of the Law, in a medallion supported by kneeling angels. The grouped figures in the foreground are exquisitely beautiful. The aged Simeon on one side is holding the Divine Infant in his arms, while an attendant acolyth carries his mitre—oddly distinguished from a Christian one by a crescent in front. Anna the prophetess stands behind him. The Virgin,

occupying the central place of the picture, but by no means the best figure in the group, clasps her hands and looks down while Anna addresses her. Behind her trip in two young female attendants, extraordinarily light and graceful, one of them bearing two white pigeons in a basket, while a boy approaches from a further distance through an open arch with a lamb carried across his shoulders. On the other side is a fine group of St. Joseph, Elizabeth, and others, posed in admirably varied attitudes, and conspicuous for unusual beauty of countenance. A wide open arch in the architectural background reveals a view of distant country. On the horizon, situated on a hill, is seen an odd octagonal temple with a lofty campanile on one side. This is the conventional representation, often found in pictures of that age, of the Temple at Jerusalem. In the middle distance, by the anachronism so common in religious pictures of the time, we see the Flight into Egypt. An angel leads the ass on which the Virgin with her child is seated; and St. Joseph trudges manfully behind with pack and staff. According to the well-known legend, a palm-tree is bending itself down as the party approaches. Such is the ordonnance of this most beautiful picture.

It is chromo-lithographed—as all the later works of the Arundel Society have been—by Messrs. Storch and Kramer, of Berlin, under Professor Gruner's superintendence, from a water-colour drawing by Signor Marianneci. The execution of the plate seems to us to be excellent, so far as accuracy of printing is concerned. But the uniform red tint of the flesh is not by any means pleasing. We fail, indeed, to detect any difference of tone between the red of the flesh and that of the garments or of the architecture. This is particularly observable in the face and legs and arms of the little half-naked boy who is sitting on the altar-steps. His flesh seems to be a mere continuation of the altar-covering just above him. Equally unsatisfactory is the colouring of Simeon's face, as compared with those of Anna and the Virgin, who stand nearest to him. It is impossible that Luini should have mixed his colours so ill as to make the old man, the aged widow, and the young mother have exactly the same ruficund complexion. Nevertheless, in spite of these blemishes, the general effect of this interesting work is truly excellent. Finally, the head of St. Joseph from this same picture is chromo-lithographed separately "on the scale, and in exact imitation, of the original fresco." We presume, at least, that it is St. Joseph's head; for it has a nimbus, and no other man was likely to be present at the scene which is here depicted. But it is much more youthful than it is usual to depict that personage. Anyhow it is one of extreme interest, though rather answering to one's idea of a young man of rank than to that of the venerable carpenter who protected our Saviour's infancy. This head, however, is certainly a marvellous example of skill in the colour-printing; and yet its inferiority to the original is of necessity as great as the difference between any mechanical process, however finished, and the magic freedom of the skilled human hand. The series of four frescoes by Luini, from which these specimens are taken, fully deserves still further illustration. We perceive that the Arundel Society contemplates publishing two of the set—namely, that of "Our Lord among the Doctors," and the "Marriage of the Virgin," as extra or "occasional" publications. The fourth subject is the "Adoration of the Magi." Other recent extra publications by the Council are a chromo-lithograph of the "Coronation of the Virgin," from a fresco by Fra Angelico, in his own convent of St. Mark, at Florence; and another from a fresco by Andrew Mantegna, in the church of Gli Eremitani at Padua, representing St. James the Great before Herod Agrippa. This is a companion to the "Conversion of Hermogenes," by the same painter, which was published some short time ago. We cannot but augur a still more successful future to the Arundel Society if it perseveres in its new line.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. EDELSTAND DU MÉRIL informs us that, before writing the *History of Comedy*\* he made it a matter of conscience to read all that other authors have had to say on the subject. From the crowded appearance of his pages, and the multiplicity of references, one would say that M. du Méril's erudition must be of an almost encyclopædic character; but, on the other hand, it seems to us ill-digested, and it is so plentifully poured out that it distracts the student's attention. In vain does he advise us to stick to the text, and to leave all the rest alone. We are naturally anxious to see on what facts he supports his theories, and what illustrations he selects for the arguments he adduces. Besides, if the notes were superfluous, what was the use of giving them in such profusion? Why, at all events, were they not placed together in a supplement or appendix, which could be consulted or not, just as the reader might feel inclined? M. du Méril's introduction states, in the first place, the difficulties belonging to a history of dramatic literature; and, in the next, the special characteristics which distinguish the drama from every other kind of poetry. Then, passing to the more immediate subject of his work, he shows how the religion, the philosophy, the intellectual culture of each nation must affect, not only its general conception of the drama, but the drama itself in its smallest details. Wherever the liberty of man is limited, wherever fatality appears as the great ruler of the

\* *Histoire de la Comédie. Période primitive.* Par M. Edelstand du Méril. Paris: Didier.

world, the situation represented is extremely simple, and the characters are like those statues which have handed down to us the traditions of Greek art. If, on the contrary, the free will of man is supposed to be capable of conquering fortune, then action becomes an indispensable element in the play; events are accumulated, interests clash with interests, and the never-ceasing conflict with difficulty and obstruction affords scope and opportunity for the triumphs of man's moral liberty. M. du Méril goes on to exemplify the modifications which the ideas of love, of death, and others, assume according to the differences of religion, of climate, and of time, and he argues that a complete history of dramatic literature would virtually include a complete history of civilization. The *Histoire de la Comédie* is divided into four books. The first treats of primitive comedy; the second transports us amongst the Chinese; with the third we are introduced to Hindu life; and the fourth takes up the extensive subject of the Greek drama, which it brings down as far as Aristophanes. It would be utterly impossible to attempt here even the briefest analysis of M. Edelstand du Méril's book. All we can say now is that it is a monument of the most wonderful patience, and that it embodies an immense mass of facts which would have been all the better for being more artistically treated.

The letters published from the collection of Count d'Hunolstein\* constitute, as the preface truly says, a complete history of Marie Antoinette, written by herself. They embrace a period of twenty-three years, beginning with the marriage of the unfortunate princess (1770) and ending in 1792, one year before her death. A few of the documents here printed have already appeared—a fact accounted for by the editor from the circumstance that the Queen always took two and sometimes three copies, not only of her own letters, but of important memoirs and despatches written to her. These copies were distributed to various confidential persons, and thus more than one chance was secured of their reaching the members of her family and the friends to whom she was anxious to communicate the sad episodes of her captivity. A few biographical notices have been added by Count d'Hunolstein to this interesting volume, which confirms all that was previously known about the talents, the energy, and the heroic character of Marie Antoinette.

It is scarcely too much to say that even now the history of the French Revolution still remains to be written. M. Thiers has given us its political and military aspect, and has described the outward development of events with admirable lucidity and graphic power. The causes of the Revolution, however, the state of society, the religious, intellectual, and philosophical condition of the nation, are not even touched in his book, and the death of M. de Tocqueville has removed from amongst us the man who seemed specially qualified to discharge so important a task. Messrs. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt's amusing volume† can scarcely claim to be called a history. It is a kaleidoscope through which a series of views are presented to the spectator in dazzling continuity. The style is so brilliant that it becomes absolutely fatiguing, and when we have reached the end of the book we still seek the clue which shall guide us through the intricacies of the innumerable anecdotes it contains. Messrs. de Goncourt have evidently studied with the utmost care all the public documents referring to the history of the Revolution; and by documents we mean not only *bond fide* books, but newspapers, pamphlets, songs, engravings, coins, and autographs. The edition now before us is the third of the *Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution*; it is to be followed by a volume referring to the period of the Directory.

M. Alfred de Caston‡, of whom we have once before had something to say, is a decided enemy of all superstition. Beyond the well-defined limits of revealed religion he will not admit miraculous influences, and he fiercely attacks Nostradamus, Mesmer, Saint Germain, Cagliostro, and all those whom he styles *marchands de miracles*, down to Messrs. Allan Kardec and Home inclusively. His book is an amusing sketch, a little too pretentiously written.

The French Institute has lately had to examine a number of essays on the subject of Saint Augustin's works and influence. The result of this competition, although not yet officially known, is, we believe, finally settled; and it is said that it will satisfy those critics who were dreading the decay of metaphysical studies. We may, of course, look forward to the publication of the most remarkable amongst these disquisitions, and we can only hope that they may equal in merit the volume just issued by M. Ferraz.§ M. Ferraz has treated only one branch of metaphysics—namely, psychology; but he has done so with praiseworthy care and completeness. Fifteen chapters are devoted to a statement of the Bishop of Hippo's views on the origin and nature of the soul, its faculties, its destiny; on liberty, immortality, imagination, and reason. His analysis, given in the clearest manner, is illustrated by numerous quotations, and in a final chapter he places before the reader a succinct *résumé* of the whole subject. According to M. Ferraz, Saint Augustin never forgot the influence produced upon him by Plato and by the philosophers of the

Alexandrine school; and it may even be said that these thinkers powerfully contributed to bring him back to Christianity, on account of the analogy which he found between their views and Christian doctrines. At a later period of his life, he rejected some opinions which he had entertained in common with his first masters, because he found them to be contrary to religion; but the others he constantly maintained. The influence of Saint Augustin on subsequent philosophers is another point duly developed by M. Ferraz. Descartes borrowed from him his demonstration of the spirituality of the soul. Malebranche claimed the sanction of his authority when he established his distinction between the union of the soul with the body on the one hand, and its union with God on the other. Arnauld, Bossuet, Fénelon, the Port Royalists, and Pascal likewise adopted many features of the Augustinian system; and if, in some respects, modern philosophers have improved upon the method and the observation of their great predecessor, in others they are decidedly below him. M. Ferraz concludes by indicating the character of sound psychological science, and contends that such a science cannot be complete unless it has for its auxiliaries social observation and physiological research.

M. Chaignet, whose labours in the field of metaphysics are well known, has done for Plato the same service which M. Ferraz has performed with respect to Saint Augustin\*, and his essay deserves equal praise. The philosophers of antiquity, M. Chaignet remarks, were not satisfied with analysing the phenomena and studying the faculties of the human soul. They thought they could discover the essence and the nature of the soul itself, ascertain its origin, and foretell its future destiny in the same manner as they fancied they could discover the traces of its life in a previous condition. Hence, the science of the soul, for Greek metaphysicians, and especially for Plato, consists of two great divisions. The former, altogether metaphysical, deals with questions about the origin, the essence, the nature, and the destiny of the soul; the latter treats of acts, which it defines and classifies according to the various causes or faculties which must have produced them. M. Chaignet, adopting this method, has divided his volume into two parts, followed by a concluding chapter in which he lays down a certain number of theses which, in his opinion, form the substance of Plato's philosophical inquiries.

Segrais cannot pretend to a place amongst metaphysicians, or even amongst serious authors; but his life is interesting because he was one of the *précieux* poets of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and as such was associated on a footing of half-familiarity, half-domesticity, with some of the most illustrious French personages of the Fronde period. At a time when almost every *gentilhomme* kept his private poet as he did his chaplain, Segrais became the amanuensis, the rhymester, and the master of the revels to Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Accordingly, from his position, he was able to see and to hear a great deal; and let us add that, having a larger share of common sense than people in similar circumstances generally displayed at that time, he never obtained the immortality of ridicule which fell to the lot of Cotin, Ménage, Balzac, and Voiture. M. Brédif has described with much ability the life of Segrais in the first section of his *brochure*, the second being devoted to a critical account of the poet's works. Segrais shone especially as a bucolic writer, strange to say, at a time when the love of nature seemed to have given place to a most artificial kind of civilization. Eclogues appear incompatible with the atmosphere of Versailles and Saint Germain, yet Segrais really distinguished himself in that style of composition, and his name immediately recalls to us the brook, the shepherd's crook, and all the other recognised "properties" of pastoral life.

Under the modest title, *Episodes Militaires et Politiques*†, Baron Paul de Bourgoing has published an interesting volume of memoirs, beginning with the year 1791, and even going incidentally as far back as 1758. It concludes with the month of June 1832, when the author left St. Petersburg, where he had filled a diplomatic post in the service of France. Baron de Bourgoing was successively a soldier and a politician, and he had highly favourable opportunities for studying the men and things of his time. He was nineteen years old when he took service as a soldier. He went through the campaigns of Russia, of Germany, and of France. After the second Restoration, he left the army in order to qualify himself for a diplomatist, and his nomination in 1828, as second secretary to the French legation at Berlin, was his *début* in a department in which he has ever since distinguished himself. One of his most interesting chapters is the one in which he gives particulars respecting the unfortunate King of Denmark, Christian VII., and the celebrated Struensee. The organization of the regiments of the Young Guard is also a touching and well-written episode. Having himself belonged to that part of Napoleon's army, Baron de Bourgoing relates with much feeling the vicissitudes through which they had to pass, their sufferings in Russia, their bravery, their devotion, and the determination with which they endured for the sake of their Emperor and their country all the horrors of a disastrous campaign. The constant intercourse which our author has had with Russia, and his diplomatic residence at the court of

\* Correspondance inédite de Marie-Antoinette, publiée sur les Documents originaux. Par le comte d'Hunolstein. Paris: Dentu.

† Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution. Par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris: Didier.

‡ Les Marchands de Miracles; Histoire de la Superstition Humaine. Par Alfred de Caston. Paris: Dentu.

§ Essai sur la Psychologie de Saint Augustin. Par M. Ferraz. Paris: Durand.

\* De la Psychologie de Platon. Par E. Chaignet. Paris: Durand.

† Segrais, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par M. Brédif. Paris: Durand.

‡ Souvenirs d'Histoire Contemporaine. Episodes militaires et politiques. Par le baron Paul de Bourgoing. Paris: Dentu.



St. Petersburg, have enabled him to study accurately the Polish question, and his views respecting it are well deserving of attention.

The eighth volume of the valuable collection entitled *Les Anciens Poètes de la France*\* has just been published under the care of the Marquis de la Grange, and contains the *Chanson de Geste* of Hugues Capet. It may seem singular that the Carolingian cycle of romances should include the biography of the founder of the Capetian dynasty; but, following a popular tradition, the author makes his hero marry the daughter of Louis le Débonnaire, and, besides, Hugues is represented as descending from the royal family, although in a distant line. M. de la Grange's preface gives us some curious details respecting the real origin of Hugues Capet, and he examines the opinions which, some centuries after the death of that prince, ascribed to him a plebeian birth. A minute and complete summary of the *Chanson* then follows, and the text itself, printed from the best MSS., is given, together with a few indispensable notes. We cannot but congratulate our neighbours on the spirit with which the series of the *Anciens Poètes* has been undertaken, and also on the care which has presided over its preparation.

M. Edouard Fournier, the amusing and *spirituel* antiquarian to whom we are already indebted for so many works on Paris archæology, now takes us through the streets of the French metropolis.† We should have said, takes us in imagination, for many of the localities he describes are now no more, thanks to the zeal of M. Hausmann, and to the assiduity of his acolytes. Palaces rise on every side, and, in order to build these palaces, stones are taken *sans façon* from houses which could have stood, for many generations more, the test of wind and weather. During the fifteenth century, one of the staircases of the Louvre was built with the tombstones from the Cimetière des Innocents. The passage Du Caire, near the Rue St. Denis, owes likewise its origin to the monuments of a burial-ground; and the new Théâtre du Châtelet, on the place or square of the same designation, derives its solidity from the stones formerly belonging to one of the largest Paris prisons. The history of all these changes is given by M. Fournier in a lively, gossiping style, which excludes neither learning nor literary taste.

The authority which naturally belongs to every publication bearing M. Guizot's name will no doubt cause many persons to take up his new work‡; but, independently of this circumstance, the *Méditations sur l'essence de la religion Chrétienne* may be pronounced one of the most striking productions called forth by the present theological crisis. M. Guizot begins by remarking that, however virulent may have been the attacks which from time to time have been directed against Christianity, none have exceeded in gravity that which is going on in our own day. The especial importance of the most recent assaults on the Christian faith results from the position occupied by Christians in the presence and under the influence of modern civilization. The development of scientific research, the constant progress of democracy, and the consolidation of political liberty are three facts which imprint upon the age in which we live its distinctive character, and with which Christianity is compelled to deal. In former times, when the spiritual and the temporal elements of society were closely connected, when the Church could call upon the State to guarantee its existence and to enforce its decisions, the conditions of the struggle were altogether different, and we may say that they were hardly fair. The Church must now accept the chances of the strife on its own responsibility; it must not look beyond its own pale for arguments or for edicts against superstition on the one hand, or infidelity on the other. Hence, according to M. Guizot, it becomes necessary for every section of the Christian community to set aside minor differences, and to join for the purpose of defending the essentials of faith against their busy adversaries. The true Catholics are those, he continues, who see that the principle of authority must not be overstrained; the true Protestants, in their turn, feel that Protestantism does not signify indifference to all positive religion; and the union of these genuine representatives of Christianity will be enough to overrule the undue pretensions of science, the blind hatred of some, and the carelessness of others. Such is the summary of the ideas contained in M. Guizot's preface. The volume itself, being the first of a series, embraces eight meditations on—1. The Problems of Natural Religion; 2. Christian Doctrines; 3. The Supernatural Element; 4. The Limits of Science; 5. Revelations; 6. The Inspiration of the Scriptures; 7. God according to the Bible; 8. Jesus Christ as he is exhibited in the Gospels.

M. Victor Chauvin's essay on the novelists of classical Greece and Rome has been already noticed by us on the occasion of its first appearance§; we have therefore merely to remind our readers here that they will find in this volume a clear, complete, and popular account of one of the least-known branches of ancient literature. The French translations of the Latin Satirists published by M. Despois, for M. Hachette's collection is an excellent volume.|| It contains prose renderings

of Persius, Juvenal, and of the fragments ascribed to Lucilius, Turnus, and Sulpicia. Biographical notices are prefixed, and M. Despois has added the most striking imitations of Rénier, Boileau, Chénier, and other French poets. In his *recueil* of Slavonic tales M. Alexandre Chodzko\* has given us curious illustrations of national traditions, and has also supplied further proof of the connexion between European and Hindu civilization. The historical and philological notes at the foot of almost every page illustrate the common origin of Slavonic and Aryan mythology.

The works of fiction which we have to notice this month are generally remarkable for a tone of morality which contrasts very pleasantly with the usual character of such productions. Let us mention, in the first place, M. Saintine's delightful book, *La Seconde Vie*.† Prose and poetry, truth and imagination, contribute equally to form the staple of the volume, which professes to embody the author's dreams, either pleasant or painful. Madame Louis Figuiet's *Prédicante des Cévennes*‡ is a touching novel, illustrating the life of the Protestant populations of Southern France. We see the Cévenols, even at the present day, keeping intact the manners, the faith, the traditions of their forefathers, and displaying, under the influence of a natural disaster, the same moral courage which distinguished, in days gone by, the followers of Jean Cavalier. The scene of M. Ernest Feydeau's *Secret du Bonheur*§ is in Africa, and the author's object has been to show what are the best means of civilizing the tribes conquered by France, and reconciling them to the foreign rule under which they are now compelled to live. On this idea the author has built a narrative which, by its beauty and its healthy tone, makes us wonder how he could ever have written *Fanny* or *Catherine d'Overmeire*. *Naufrage au Port*|| may be described as a novelette, written for the purpose of setting before tourists who frequent watering-places the respective merits of Hyères and Nice. M. Ernest de Chabot's pen is that of a Royalist of the old school.¶ His inspirations remind us sometimes of M. Victor Hugo (*Ode au Docteur Lescarbault*), sometimes of Crabbe (*à un inspecteur d'académie*); and the muse he worships is the chaste one whom our modern realists would represent to us as out of date and insipid.

\* *Contes des Paysans et des Pâtres Slaves*. Traduits et annotés par Alexandre Chodzko. Paris and London: Hachette.

† *La Seconde Vie; Rêves et Réveries*. Par X. B. Saintine. Paris and London: Hachette.

‡ *La Prédicante des Cévennes*. Par Madame Louis Figuiet. Paris and London: Hachette.

§ *Le Secret du Bonheur*. Par Ernest Feydeau. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Naufrage au Port*. Par Edouard Gourdon. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Brins d'Herbe*. Par E. de Chabot. Paris and London: Hachette.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

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**ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent Garden.**—Mr. ALFRED MELLON has the honour to announce that his Fourth Series of Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts will commence on Monday next, August 8. The following Engagements have been already made:—Madlle. Carlotta Patti, Madlle. Marie Kreie (Pianiste to the Court of His Majesty the King of Saxony); Mr. Levy, the celebrated Cornet-a-Pistons; M. Arban, the renowned French Cornet-a-Pistons; and the Oriental Instrumentalist, Ali Ben Souleï, who will have the honour to introduce his newly-invented instrument the "Turkophone."  
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\* *Les Anciens Poètes de la France*. Hugues Capet, publié par M. le Marquis de la Grange. Paris: Franck.

† *Chroniques et Légendes des Rues de Paris*. Par Ed. Fournier. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Méditations sur l'essence de la religion Chrétienne*. Par M. Guizot. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Les romanciers Grecs et Latins*. Par Victor Chauvin. Paris and London: Hachette.

|| *Les Satiriques Latins*. Traduction Nouvelle. Par E. Despois. Paris and London: Hachette.

